

FEBRUARY

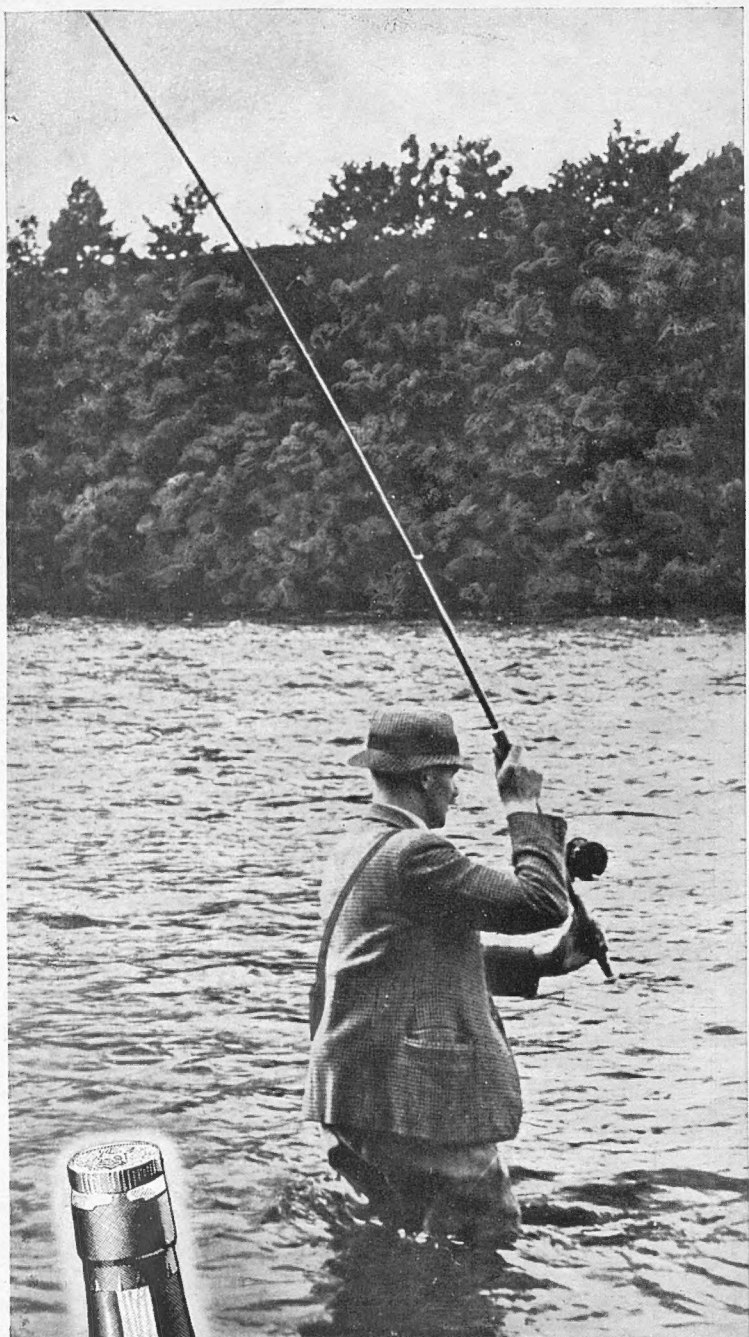
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1956

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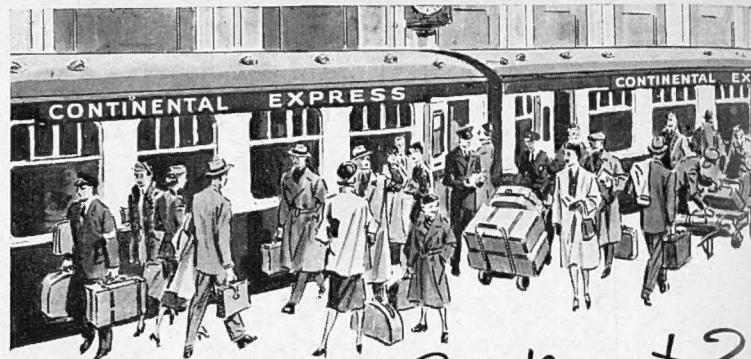


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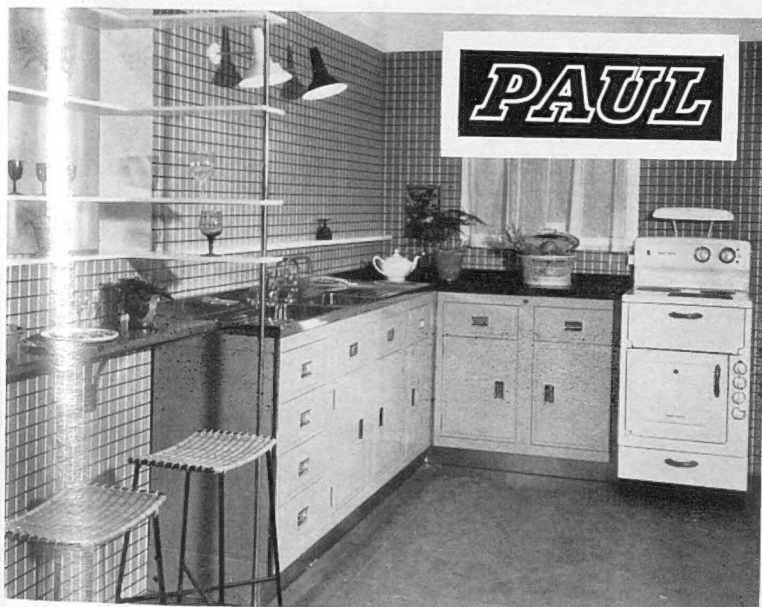
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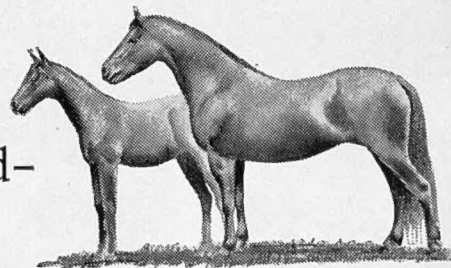
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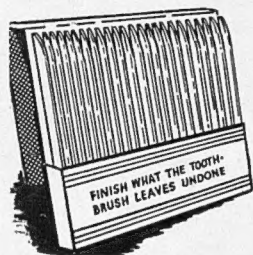
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Eric Coop

LADY IVOR SPENCER-CHURCHILL, with her son Robert, aged one year and nine months, and one of her King Charles spaniels, appears on our cover this week. The picture was taken at her home Dean House, near Alresford, Hampshire. Her husband is the only brother of the Duke of Marlborough, and they were married in 1947. Lady Ivor was Miss Elizabeth Cunningham, daughter of the late Mr. J. C. Cunningham and Mrs. Cunningham of Bermuda.

DIARY OF THE WEEK

From February 1 to February 8

Feb. 1 (Wed.) Racing at Hurst Park (2 days).

Feb. 2 (Thur.) The Duchess of Gloucester at the world film première of *The Conqueror* at the Odeon, Marble Arch, in aid of the Special Forces Benevolent Fund and the Memorial Wing of the Victory Ex-Services Club.

Feb. 3 (Fri.) The Duchess of Kent presents prizes to nurses at St. George's Hospital.

Cottesmore Hunt Ball at the Victoria Hall, Oakham.

Vine Hunt Ball at the Atomic Energy Establishment, Aldermaston, Berkshire, by permission of Sir William Penney and the South Berks Hunt.

Wylde Valley Hunt Ball at the School of Infantry, Warminster, Wilts.

Racing at Doncaster and Windsor (2 days).

Feb. 4 (Sat.) The Duchess of Kent opens the new headquarters of the Kensington Division of the British Red Cross Society in Marloes Road.

Ski-ing : The Services Race at St. Moritz.

Rugby Football : Wales v. Scotland at Cardiff.

Racing at Sedgefield and Stratford-upon-Avon

Feb. 5 (Sun.)

Feb. 6 (Mon.) Racing at Fontwell Park and Warwick.

Feb. 7 (Tues.)

Feb. 8 (Wed.) The Duke of Gloucester, their Colonel-in-Chief, visits the 10th Royal Hussars at Tidworth to bid farewell to the regiment before its departure overseas.

Coursing : The Waterloo Cup (2 days).

The Winter Ball at the Dorchester Hotel.

Racing at Haydock Park (2 days).

First night of *Misalliance* at the Lyric, Hammersmith.

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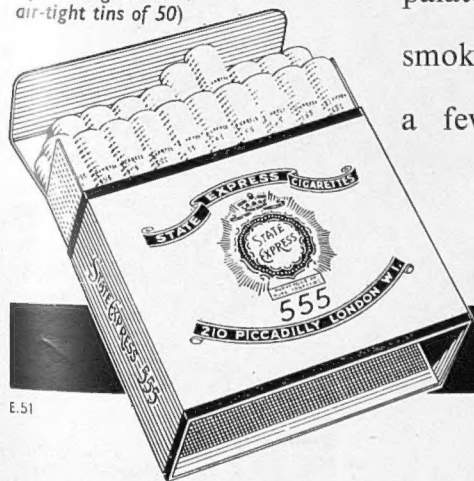
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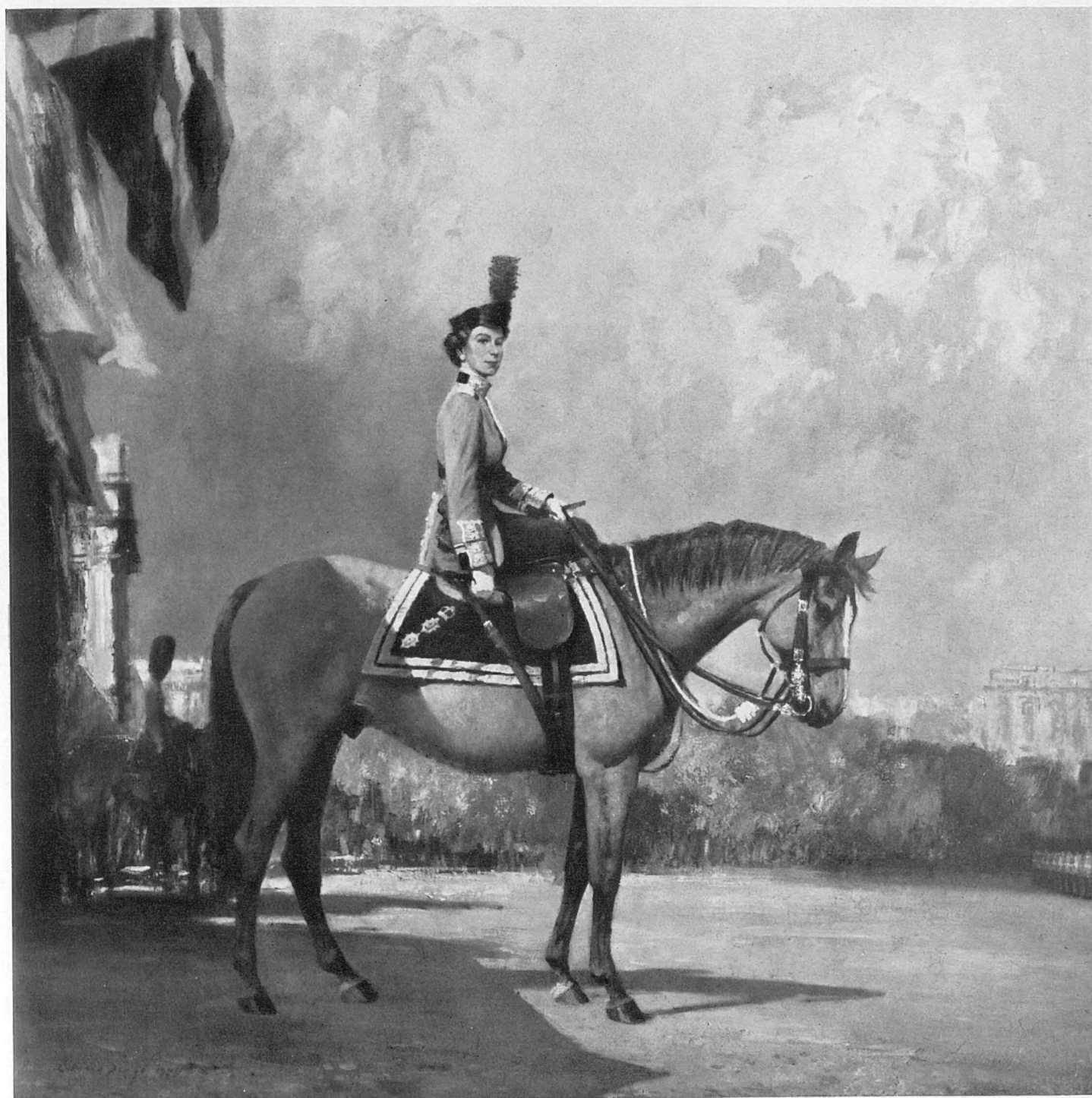
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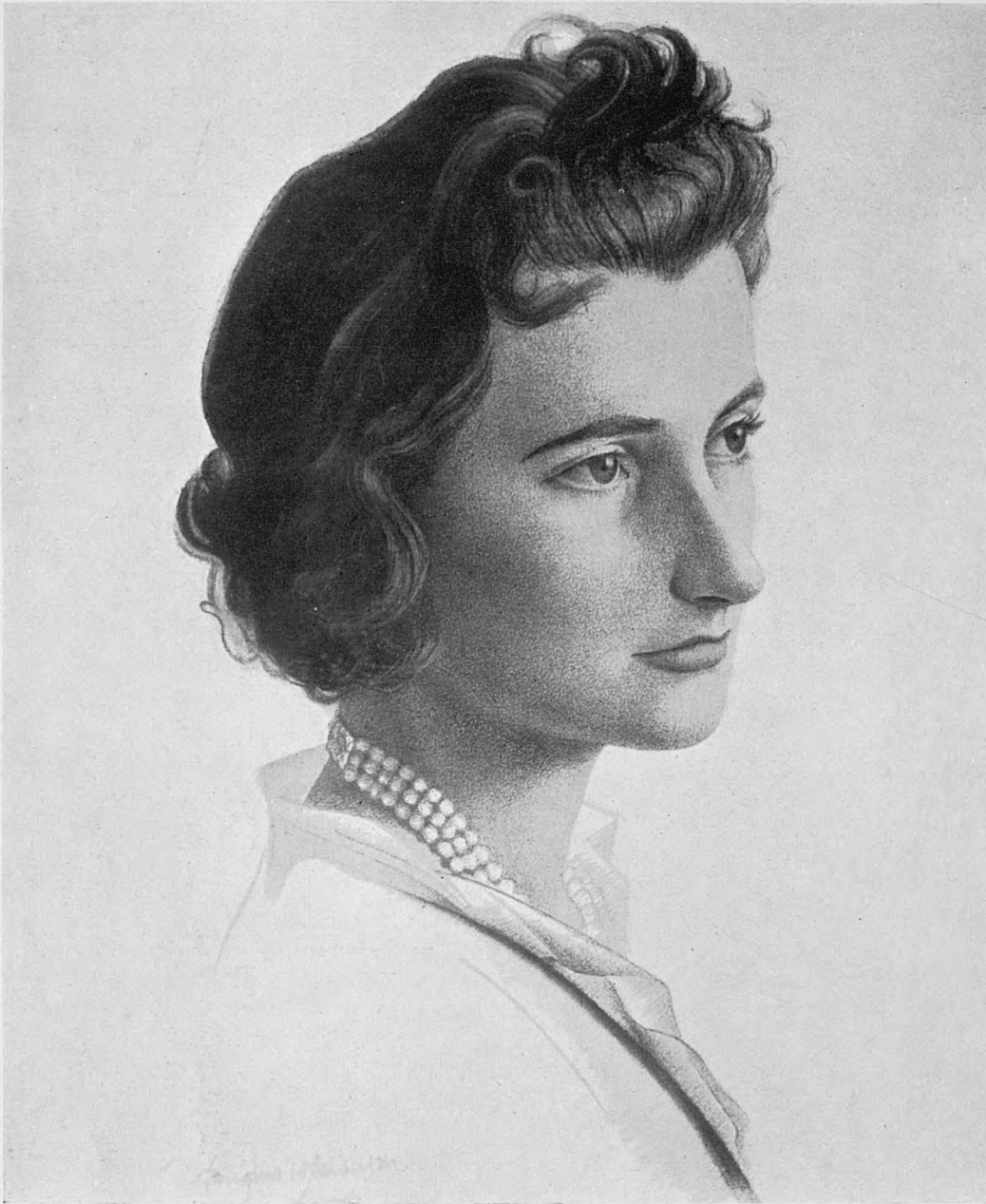
TGW:LS14



The equestrienne Queen: a new portrait for a Guards Mess

HER MAJESTY has brought a new pleasure to public ceremonial in recent years by her appearance, marked by both skill and grace, on horseback at the Trooping the Colour. It is fitting therefore that the new portrait which is eventually to be hung in the Officers'

Mess of the Coldstream Guards, should depict her as Colonel-in-Chief of that regiment of Guards. The portrait is by Edward Seago, R.B.A., who has excellently caught the atmosphere of this great occasion on Horse Guards' Parade, and the regal dignity of its central figure



MISS ROHAIS ANDERSON
BY HER BROTHER

THIS picture of Miss Rohais Anderson was drawn by her brother Mr. Douglas Anderson. She was a débutante last year and is the daughter of Mr. Alasdair and Lady Flavia Anderson, and a niece of the Earl of Halsbury. Douglas Anderson, who is twenty-one, is at present working in Florence in Signor Pietro Annigoni's studio, one of a very small circle of specially chosen pupils. Before taking part in her London season Miss Anderson studied dressmaking in Paris.

Social Journal

Jennifer

THE SWEDISH EMBASSY DANCE

WHEN the Swedish Ambassador and his lovely wife Mme. Hägglöf give a party, it is certain to be a good one. Care is given to every detail and they are among the most charming hosts and hostesses in the Diplomatic Corps, both being of outstanding personality. When they gave a small dance at the Swedish Embassy recently the guests included some of the loveliest women in London wearing their prettiest dresses. The hostess looked enchanting wearing a black tulle crinoline with a draped bodice and a green and red sash at the waist, and the setting for the evening was deeply welcoming, with lovely flowers, warm rooms, and soft and becoming lighting.

A buffet had been set up, L shaped, at one end of the first room, and chairs and small round tables were arranged around the remaining part of the wall. Adjoining this, with the wide doors right back so that it really

made one long salon, was a small ballroom gaily decorated with coloured streamers; here an excellent band played at the far end, and went on practically non-stop until the early hours of the morning. This meant that the guests all kept together and the party went with a tremendous swing the whole time, for after dancing guests could sit at a table with friends, or join others standing around the buffet enjoying a cool drink, an especially good arrangement at a party where everyone seemed to know everyone else.

THE DUKE and Duchess of Buccleuch were there and her sister Mrs. Diana Daly, also Mary Duchess of Roxburghe in a most becoming red dress, the Duke of Devonshire and Mr. Raimund and Lady Elizabeth von Hofmannsthal. Two of the loveliest women present were Mrs. John Wyndham in pink satin with lovely jewels—she was dancing with her husband when I arrived—and Mrs. Vane Ivanovic who was

escorted by Mr. Ivanovic. His beautiful sister Mrs. McLean was there with her husband. Another lovely guest was Italian Princess Ruspoli who was staying with the Hägglöfs. Mme. de Heeren, who always has such exquisite clothes, looked ravishing in a white tulle crinoline.

SIR "JOCK" GILMOUR was sitting at a table with friends including the Hon. Edward and the Hon. Mrs. Ward, the Hon. William and Mrs. McGowan, Mrs. Reggie Sheffield whose husband could not come as he was shooting up north, and Mr. and Mrs. Peter Laycock. Looking at the dance floor, I saw Mr. and the Hon. Mrs. "Micky" Brand dancing together, Mr. Whitney Straight dancing with his hostess, and Lady Daphne Straight, very attractive in ruby red, partnered by Mr. Victor Cavendish-Bentinck whose good looking wife was also dancing. The Hon. Charles and Mrs. Rhys, the latter in pale blue tulle, were dancing together, and Miss Monica

Sheriffe was going round the floor with Mr. Julian Lezard.

Other guests were Col. and Mrs. John Ward who had dined with their host and hostess, Viscountess Lambton, the Spanish Ambassador, Miss Evie Prebensen, who was off to stay with friends in Cortina the following day, Signor Alessandro Farace of the Italian Embassy and his wife, and Mr. Douglas Fairbanks, who told me that his wife was not yet back from Switzerland. Viscount and Viscountess Chandos were enjoying this wonderful party, and Mr. Selwyn Lloyd came in for a short while, while others there included Mrs. Peter Thorneycroft whom I saw talking to Mr. "Chips" Channon, the Hon. John and Mrs. Siddeley (he was responsible for the charming interior decoration of this Embassy), Mr. Peter Coats and Viscount Ednam and his attractive wife, who was shortly going to their home in Jamaica.

His brother, the Hon. Peter Ward, was among the young people present, others being Lord John Manners, Miss Sally Churchill pretty in black, Mr. Nicholas Eden, Lord Brooke, Mr. Billy Wallace, Miss Camilla Straight and Mr. Gerald Ward. A late arrival was Ava Gardner who was in tremendous form and stayed to the very end, which was quite late.

* * *

THE first real débutante gathering this year was a very gay affair. It was a cocktail party given by Mr. and Mrs. Donald Fraser in their lovely Albert Hall Mansions flat for her very attractive daughter Miss Elisabeth Thierry-Mieg, who is making her début this season. Among the prettiest of this new bunch of débutantes I noticed Miss Elaine de Miramon, Miss Virginia Todd who was there with her mother Mrs. Greer, and Miss Carlotta Horton, who came with her mother. She has inherited much of the charm and beauty of her late mother, who as Gwen was one of the most attractive débutantes of her year.

Miss Marita Hopkinson, another pretty girl, was there with her brother, and I met her uncle Mr. Francis Hopkinson and his wife whose daughter Tessa is also coming out this season. Miss Elizabeth Thoresen, another attractive débutante, came with her parents Mr. and Mrs. Rolf Thoresen who have one of those delightful houses in Ilchester Place. Lady Elizabeth Oldfield told me her daughter Sarah who comes out this season had just gone back to Paris for the last few weeks at her finishing school. She was talking to her host Mr. Donald Fraser who was busy dispensing hospitality.

MISS COLIENNE SCHWARZENBERG, daughter of the Austrian Ambassador, was the centre of a group of young friends, also Miss Verity Pilkington and Miss Sandra Welch, who came out last season and were talking to Mr. Lionel Stopford Sackville. Also enjoying this party were Mr. Tommy Hustler, Miss Marienne Ford, Miss Elizabeth Forster and Miss Patricia Knight, who came with her mother the Hon. Mrs. Claude Knight who is giving a dance for her in the autumn.

Mme. Chauvel, wife of the French Ambassador, came along to the party for a short while, and another older guest was Mrs. Fraser's brother Commander Dennis who is over from Paris working in N.A.T.O. in London. He is one of Elisabeth's godparents.

* * *

H.E. the Luxembourg Ambassador and his attractive wife Mme. Clasen always give delightful parties, invitations to which are eagerly accepted. The recent one they gave at Claridge's in honour of the birthday of H.R.H. the Grand Duchess of Luxem-

bourg was no exception. More personalities of the Diplomatic Corps were present than one usually sees at a single party, also members of both Houses of Parliament and of the Luxembourg colony in London, as well as many English friends of the Ambassador and Mme. Clasen.

I met the Norwegian Ambassador and his wife talking to the Portuguese Ambassador and his two daughters, the Brazilian Ambassador and Mme. de Souza-Leao Gracie and their daughter Betty, the Philippines Ambassador, and the Turkish and Indonesian Ambassadors talking to Mrs. Marie-Louise Arnold, who, the Indonesian Ambassador was interested to hear, had visited his country. The German Ambassador and Frau Hans von Herwarth were there, also the Afghan Ambassador, and as I was leaving to go on to another party I met the very charming and able Cuban Ambassador.

The Mayor of Kensington, Lady Petrie, came with Sir Charles Petrie, Mrs. Neville Chamberlain, wearing a large red velvet hat, was being greeted by a host of friends, and I met Sir Guy Salisbury-Jones who was talking to Vicomte and Vicomtesse D'Orthez and Mrs. Edward Christie-Miller.

I also met Mr. Clive and Lady Barbara Bosson, Mr. and Mrs. Victor Cavendish-Bentinck, Commander Walter Wilson talking to Mr. Victor Malcolm, Viscount and Viscountess Kilmuir, and Mrs. Catherine Bray who is one of our leading interior decorators; she has done some delightful private houses and has now been commissioned to do the décor for one of the new penthouse flats which are being built on top of the Dorchester Hotel and which should be ready by the summer.

THE London Ball which took place recently at the Dorchester Hotel in aid of the National Association of Mixed Clubs and Boys Clubs was enjoyed by the guests because it was not overcrowded as so many charity balls are today. Viscountess Duncannon was chairman of the Ball and wore a striking brocade dress with a two tiered skirt. She received the guests with the deputy chairman Mrs. John Ward, who wore a beautiful dress of dark grey and yellow tulle. They had a joint table in the ballroom where they were joined by Viscount Duncannon and Col. John Ward, and their guests here included Prince Philip's two nieces, Princess Beatrix of Hohenlohe-Langenburg and Princess Christina of Hesse, the former in a white tulle dress with touches of Royal blue and the latter in a periwinkle blue taffeta dress. They were both obviously enjoying the evening, dancing nearly every dance and trying their luck at the side-shows.

Others in this big party included the Duke of Buccleuch, who had just flown down from Scotland having only left Edinburgh at 6 p.m. he told me, his sister-in-law, Lady George Scott, Mary Duchess of Roxburghe, and Mr. "Chips" Channon with his son Paul, whom I noticed partnering both the Princesses in turn.

ALSO in this party were the Hon. Charles and Mrs. Rhys, Mme. Emmie de Heeren looking exceptionally chic in a ballet length dress of palest blue embroidered grosgrain, Mr. Ivan Foxwell who is busy on his latest film which we shall hope to see in the autumn, Mrs. Jean Garland who was off to New York and the Bahamas a few days later, Mr. Peter Coats, Ann Lady Orr-Lewis, Mr. Fred Warner, Mr. and Mrs. Anthony Acton, Mr. Norman Lonsdale and Mr. Mark Baring who was honorary treasurer for the Ball, with his wife.

Lord Colwyn was in charge of very original side-shows which amused everyone, while Major and Mrs. Frankland Moore and Mrs. Alexander Taft were working

[Continued overleaf]



THE "TOP TWELVE" London fashion designers, whose President is Lady Pamela Berry, held a reception for the first time at the Fishmongers' Hall. Above, H.E. the Portuguese Ambassador, Senhor Pedro Theotónio Pereira, with his daughters, Mlle. Clara and Mlle. Magdalene Pereira



Mrs. John Barclay was talking to Col. Guy Blewitt, Prime Warden of the Fishmongers' Company



A. V. Swaene

Major Tufton Beamish, M.C., Conservative M.P. for East Sussex (Lewes Division), with Mrs. Beamish



A COCKTAIL PARTY for Miss Elisabeth Thierry-Mieg, given for her by her mother, Mrs. Donald Fraser, was one of the first of the 1956 parties for débutantes who are to be presented this year. Above: Miss Thierry-Mieg on the stairs of her mother's home at Albert Hall Mansions

Miss Elaine de Miramon, Miss Marianne Ford, Mr. Giles Currie and Miss Colienne Schwarzenberg

Mrs. Rolf Thoresen with Miss Carlotta Horton and Miss Elizabeth Thoresen, 1956 débutantes



Miss Alexandra Welch and Miss Elizabeth Foster were having a discussion

Miss Virginia Todd and Miss Verity Ann Pilkington were talking to Mrs. Douglas Macleod

A. V. Swaabe

Continuing Social Journal

London couturiers gave a party in the City

extremely hard at the tombola. The tall and elegant Princess of Berar came on late to join Mr. and Mrs. Buchan-Hepburn's party—she had been dining at the Norwegian Embassy—and Miss Evie Prebensen, daughter of the Norwegian Ambassador, came with her. Mrs. Buchan-Hepburn was vice-chairman of the ball and at her table I saw Mr. and Mrs. Ronald Callender and Miss Vera Grenfell who is National Chairman of the Clubs, which do so much to help young people all over the country.

★ ★ ★

BUYERS from overseas, textile manufacturers and designers, and numerous men and women interested in the fashion world came to the delightful cocktail party given by the Incorporated Society of London Fashion Designers. This took place at the beginning of the showing of the London collections and was held in the Fishmongers' Hall, where guests were able to see the magnificent portrait of the Queen by Annigoni hanging in its real home, where it looks even more beautiful than it did when exhibited at the Royal Academy. Lady Pamela Berry, the President of the Society, wearing a red silk dress, received the guests with Mr. Norman Hartnell the chairman and Mrs. Peter Thorneycroft wife of the President of the Board of Trade, who wore the gayest little pink ostrich feather cap.

Among the first people I met here was Lady Alexandra Metcalfe who was accompanied by the Hon. Lady Monckton. The Portuguese Ambassador was there with his two daughters, both looking charming in black, also Mr. Peter Thorneycroft who came late, and the Countess of Birkenhead. Mr. and Mrs. John Boyd Carpenter were early arrivals but had to leave equally early for another engagement, as did Lady Mountain. Lady Ashton, a great authority on fashion, was there, also Mme. Mirman and her husband who had just flown back from Paris, Mr. and Mrs. Toby O'Brien who had been spending a wonderful holiday in Ireland, and American Mrs. Carmel Snow.

ALL our best designers were there as well as Mr. Hartnell, maker of so many of the Queen's lovely clothes. They included Mr. Hardy Amies who was accompanied by Miss Nina Leclercq, Mr. John Cavanagh, Mr. Charles Creed and his wife, and Mr. Digby Morton. Perhaps the best dressed woman present was Mrs. John Ward, who came in a tailored white satin coat lined with mink. The buttons were magnificent jewelled Georgian waistcoat buttons which had been given to her for Christmas.

★ ★ ★

MR. and Mrs. Edward Barford gave a very cheerful little cocktail party at which I arrived rather late as I had come on from a diplomatic party. This took place in their delightful Bryanston Square flat, for which Mrs. Barford has done the décor most charmingly, choosing delightfully gay yet soft wallpapers. She has great good taste as everyone who knows their Hertfordshire home, Rowney Priory, will agree. It is a cleverly arranged flat, on two floors, with a large, well-proportioned dining-room and drawing-room. Mrs. Jack Dennis, who has a charmingly arranged home near Berkeley Square as well as a lovely house in Sussex, was taking a great interest in the décor and went to the upper floor to see the bedrooms.

I met Mr. Jack Dennis, also Lord Mancroft whose wife could not come as she was Nanny that evening. Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Simpson were both in great form and Mrs. Simpson told me she was just off to Zermatt where she hoped to get a couple of weeks ski-ing.

THE Countess of Portsmouth, who is bringing out her second daughter Lady Jane Wallop, and giving a dance on May 18 for this daughter and Lady Philippa Wallop who came out last season, was just off back to their home in Italy. From there, she told me, it was quite easy to go up to watch the Olympics at Cortina by day.

Lord Cullen was there with his attractive wife, also Sir Christopher and Lady Courtney, Mr. and Mrs. Denis Russell, and Mr. and Mrs. Derek Butler Adams, who were shortly off to Spain for a short trip. Mrs. Barford's two attractive daughters Miss Virginia Estcourt and Miss Caroline Barford were there, very charmingly looking after the guests, also their young brother Mr. Adam Barford. A few days later Mrs. Barford was sailing to New York on the Queen Elizabeth on her way to Jamaica. Here all her talent with interior decoration will come into play again, as she is going out to furnish the little house she and her husband have built on the Roundhill estate at Montego Bay, and hopes to have it ready when Mr. Barford flies out on the direct B.O.A.C. plane next week.

★ ★ ★

I HAVE never seen the ballroom of the Dorchester Hotel more crowded than it was for the "Wonderful Mothers" Foyle Literary Luncheon to mark the publication of Barbara Cartland's latest book *Polly—My Wonderful Mother*. There were many present including several mothers with a son or daughter who are friends of Barbara Cartland, of her husband Mr. Hugh McCorquodale and her mother Mrs. Cartland, and there were also many readers and fans of this prolific author.

Viscount Monsell took the chair and presided at the luncheon, and at the end made a charming speech as a friend of the family for nearly half a century, for Barbara Cartland's father, who was killed in World War One went as his political secretary in 1910. Then the authoress spoke, followed by her daughter Mrs. Gerald Legge, and her elder son Mr. Ian McCorquodale, and finally the heroine of the book, Mrs. Polly Cartland, got up and spoke. This was a splendid little speech, very amusing and well delivered and as many said "the best of the day," in spite of the previous ones being above average.

MR. Hugh McCorquodale with his two sons Ian and Glen were at a round table near the top table, where other guests included Mrs. Cartland's eighty-four year old sister Miss Melloney Scobell, Mary Lady Delamere, who like her sister Countess Mountbatten of Burma is a very old family friend, the Hon. Mrs. Charles Rhys, Mrs. G. Barclay and Col. Clement Hill. At the top table Viscountess Monsell looked very pretty in black, while Lady Winefred Elwes, another wonderful mother of a large family who have all done well, was accompanied by her artist son Mr. Simon Elwes.

Others included the Dowager Lady Swaythling, Lady Huggins and her daughter Cherry.

★ ★ ★

ON February 9, Princess Margaret is attending the European première of Danny Kaye's latest film *The Court Jester* at the Plaza Theatre which promises to be very gay and amusing. This is being given in aid of the West Indies Hurricane Relief Fund, which badly needs money. Tickets can be obtained for the première from the Relief Fund's Offices at 37 Strand, W.C.2.



A MINIATURE FAIRGROUND was one of the chief attractions at the highly successful London Ball in aid of the National Association of Mixed Clubs and Girls' Clubs. Above, Mr. David Hicks (left) and Mr. Paul Channon with Princess Beatrix and Princess Christina, nieces of Prince Philip

Mrs. Timothy Clowes and her husband were having a word with Miss Maureen Lyle-Purdy



Viscountess Duncannon and Mrs. John Wood, chairman and deputy chairman of the ball



A. V. Swaenbe
Mr. Guy Dixon and his fiancée Miss Clare Taft had just finished supper



The Hon. Peter Ward, younger son of the Earl of Dudley, with Lady Elizabeth Lambton

NIGERIA SALUTES THE QUEEN

RICHARD ELLEY, who spends most of his time writing about soldiers for an Army magazine, recalls some of the less military occasions and impressions of a stay in Nigeria, scene of Her Majesty's state visit in company with Prince Philip



"For seeing the country in comfort there is nothing to beat the railway" as it winds its way through the grassy savannah and thick forests of this richly endowed tropical country



Above, cultivators bringing their produce into Kano, ancient walled city which is the terminus of desert caravan routes. Below, a typical street scene in Lagos, capital of Nigeria



No doubt the arrangements made to greet the Queen stepping from her aircraft at Lagos included the guns of the Nigerian field battery banging forth their dutiful salute with all the panache of the King's Troop on a Royal birthday in London.

No doubt, too, some of the old coasters have been thinking, a little irreverently, of the day of Her Majesty's accession. That was the day Lagos was caught on the hop.

The field battery lives at Kaduna, four hundred miles from Lagos by air and a good deal more by road. And somebody had to fire an accession salute at short notice. Lagos boasted a single Gunner officer (on the headquarters staff) and a few World War One guns, long since relegated to ornamental duties. If they were capable of being fired, there was no blank (or any other) ammunition for them.

So the Royal Engineers got busy with gun-cotton and wires, while the Gunner, forsaking his desk, hurriedly drilled some gun-crews. When the moment came, the gun-crews went smartly through the motions and whenever someone shouted "Fire!" a Sapper officer pressed a button and buried gun-cotton exploded somewhere near a gun-barrel. It all went off very nicely.

THEY told me this story to illustrate the difficulties of being thin on the ground in a country bigger than France and Italy put together and where the road system, by European standards, is embryonic. It is more than 1,200 miles from Lagos to Port Harcourt by road; less than a quarter the distance by air.

Many of the roads are made of laterite, that red decomposed rock which looks like hard tennis courts and which anybody who has made a modest safari in Kenya will remember without pleasure. Laterite corrugates, like sand on a windy beach, and many a family squabble endures for years on the issue of whether it is safer and easier on the car to bump steadily from corrugation to corrugation at twenty-five miles an hour or to skim over them at fifty. Whatever the answer may be, the roads are hard on the car, and so is the climate. If you have an African driver, you may expect frequent reports of "Engine go die" or "Air for back tyre all go die. She catch small-small hole."

For speed, you turn to what is known in Coast English as a "wind wagon for up," operated by West African Airways. This is the only airline I know that ever put "request stop" on its time-tables. How, from the ground, you request a pilot to stop, or whether the pilots develop the London busman's blind eye, I did not discover.

FOR seeing the country in comfort, there is nothing to beat the railway, which winds its way from the mangrove swamps of the coast, through thick forest (where the bedtime cup of cocoa can be seen growing on trees) to the grassy savannah and the lands where they grow cotton and groundnuts.

You may, perhaps, see more of one piece of country than you expect. "Going to Kaduna?" said a young man in Lagos. "Lovely journey. My train broke down slap on the bridge over the Niger. We stopped there two days. The people from the villages on both sides came to see us and we went to see the villages. Most interesting."

My train broke down in an airless cutting which was not in the least interesting. Luckily, however, we had passed a goods train in a station a few miles back, so the guard trudged along the single track and brought help. The total delay was less than ten hours.

There were other things to liven the journey. Once it was a body on the line, and after it had been inspected by the guard and most of the passengers, it was left where it lay between the rails, to be reported at the next station. At each stop the train was besieged by mummies smartly dressed (though sometimes only from the waist down) in clean white or gaily coloured swathes, offering edibles of intriguing appearance which no European stomach dare risk. There were also polite little men whose conversation consisted of: "You give me dash." And, of course, hundreds of naked children.

By night, there were spectacular electric storms which threw the countryside into dramatic silhouettes. In the sleeper there was a hunt for insects which hopped but which, as we discovered in the morning, did not bite.

Though insects swarm round every light, few Britons in Nigeria



The Governor-General, H.E. Sir James Wilson Robertson, K.C.M.G., K.B.E., who took up his appointment last year, outside Government House, Lagos, with Lady Robertson and their daughter Miss Anne Robertson

bother to discuss them. Snakes are more interesting. Everybody has a story about a neighbour who saw a cobra come in the door as he or she was about to step out of the bath. But the doctors will tell you that hardly anybody actually gets bitten by a snake.

The doctors are more interested in ju-ju. Every hospital ministering to Africans has its share of patients convinced they are about to die—and they will—whatever the European doctors do for them, thanks to a spell cast by a ju-ju man. The only cure, and the European doctors admit it, is a session with the patient's own village ju-ju man.

There is another side to ju-ju. At Zaria, where the Nigeria Regiment trains its recruits, they pointed out the unit ju-ju man—a tall, bearded bandsman with a conventional leopard-skin over his uniform, heartily beating the big drum in the regimental band. When a "teef-man" has stolen something, the ju-ju man can be relied on to bring him to justice and recover the swag.

ANOTHER showpiece African is the strong man. In Kaduna, I was bidden to watch a burly engineer carrying a piece of steel bridging, weighing more than 200 pounds, on his head. In Nigeria, as in the rest of West Africa, nearly everything is carried like this. African ladies in European frocks have been seen out walking with dainty handbags balanced on their frizzy locks.

The main topic of conversation when European women get together is the African servant. Once established, he is loyal and willing—but he can be simple to the point of being exasperating. One, using an electric iron for the first time, plunged it into a bucket of water to cool it. Another was found to be paying, from his own pocket, a penny a week hire for a stud his master, a parson, had borrowed from a neighbour to fix his dog-collar. The money went to the neighbour's servant—a "savvy boy" from the coast, where long contact with the white man has sharpened wits.

Another family talking-point is the garden. Gorgeous tropical flowers, with names to grace any woman novelist's notebook, flourish, along with the shy moon-flower which opens only at night. A handsome climber, with a pleasant flower, is the loofah-plant, which also furnishes the bath with a useful piece of equipment. Gardeners may also produce their own pineapples, bananas and paw-paw (though they cost little enough to buy) and it is a poor garden that does not have a mango tree.

Britons in Nigeria take their sport seriously. ("Must keep fit, you know. Soon go to seed if you don't take exercise in this climate.") There are all the ball games, big and little game to shoot, tarpon, barracuda and Nile perch to fish. Outside the tsetse fly areas there is the cheapest polo in the world. I shall be surprised if Prince Philip does not manage to fit a game into the trip.

NOT that Nigerian polo grounds have much in common with Cowdray Park, apart from the game. They may run to grass in the moist coastal areas, but in the dry interior players may make do with laterite pitches. The careful spectator sticks to the clubhouse verandah for shade. If you stand under a tree, huge red ants are apt to drop on the back of your neck and destroy concentration on anything but the back of your neck.

Back in 1914, the Kaiser presented an enormous cup for a polo competition between his officers in the Cameroons and the British officers in Nigeria. Shorn of German competition, the soldiers in Nigeria have since worked up rivalry with those on the Gold Coast, but they keep the Kaiser's Cup for competition among themselves. (Gold Coast polo players are at least as keen as those in Nigeria. They roused me at five o'clock in the morning to watch a match before the day became too hot.)

The termite (an ant, to anybody but an entomologist) is the tennis player's friend, for fine, hard courts are made from his hills, ground down and rolled flat.

FOR Lagos residents, all the fun of the sea-side is handy at Tarkwa Bay, about an hour's journey by launch. On one side of the mole is still-water swimming, a rarity in West Africa, as safe as Brighton's unless you swim out too far and bump into a barracuda. On the other side of the mole is surfing.

Though Nigeria is off the tourist map, the local Britons are as supercilious about visitors as the residents of Margate or Cannes. "Don't," commanded a female relative in Lagos, "don't at any price take your wife home a crocodile-skin handbag. All the visitors buy those. Nobody who has lived here would be seen dead with one." At Kano Airport, the last stop in Nigeria, I defied her. Six months later she walked into my home in Surrey carrying a bag exactly like my wife's. "My husband bought it for me," she said sheepishly. "Rather nice, isn't it."



Battalion Sgt.-Major Chari Maigumeri, M.M., B.E.M., a veteran of the Nigeria Regiment, who came to London for the Coronation



"... yes, Virginia, there IS a bogeyman"

Roundabout

Paul Holt

ONE hundred years ago this month, the Victoria Cross was instituted, and in honour of the centenary the Queen will review present holders of this cross of valour in June.

The bronze cross is, to my thinking, the proudest decoration in the world, far greater than the orders of chivalry.

Its original intention was not to recognize victory in battle but to pay tribute to men who, at the dire risk of their own lives, saved a comrade from peril in face of the enemy.

This purpose changed with the years and plain courage, in which the British are not deficient, became more dominant as a reason for the award. This change of emphasis I have always thought to be something of a pity, inasmuch as courage

is more common than compassion.

A correspondent has reported that, when three hundred Victoria Cross holders marched through London in the Armistice Day anniversary procession in 1929, the onlookers regarded with wonder the unmilitary aspect and slight stature of so many of the heroes.

THEY were little men, grocers and clerks, who when faced by a crisis had seen their duty and done it without thinking of the cost.

Their reward was simply that by doing so they were able to live with themselves, for their grateful country gave them small comfort for their pains and many of the men who marched did so with embarrassment. Their suits were shabby and many

hardly had the price of the railway fare with which to get themselves to London.

England expects . . . said Nelson.

I THINK that of all the V.C.s I have read about, the one I admire most was Lieutenant, temporary Captain, Ian Oswald Liddell, who commanded a company of the 5th Battalion, Coldstream Guards. He was ordered to take a bridge over the River Ems near Lingen on April 5, 1945. And he did it at the cost of his life, although he knew, everybody knew, even XXX Corps staff knew, that the war was within days of the end (it was twenty-one days from the end, to be precise). There is no need to throw your life away when the battle is already won.

Having directed his two leading platoons

to the near bank, Captain Liddell ran forward alone to the bridge and scaled the ten foot high road block guarding it, with the intention of neutralizing the charges and taking the bridge intact. He had to cross the whole length of the bridge alone, under intense enemy fire. Then he re-crossed the bridge to disconnect the wires. He had to kneel, a sitting target for German infantry.

Then he climbed under the bridge to disconnect charges there, and having done so he climbed up on the road block in full view of the enemy and signalled his leading platoon to advance. Alone, unprotected, without cover or covering fire he did this and the bridge was taken intact. That was gallantry of the highest order and the men he led will not forget it.

I do not like military parades, but I shall be hoping to be there when the V.C.s go by. And I shall think, without remorse, of those who died. What they did they had to do.

★ ★ ★

HYSTERIA, says Mr. J. H. Fingleton, who was a good though rather morose bat, has broken out in Australia over the selection of the team to tour England this summer, when it is so important to them to regain the Ashes.

Will it be the old men again? Johnson, Miller, Lindwall? They are good and admire them, but Mr. Fingleton says ruly that he sees the dangers of a team touring England with too many players of suspect fitness and tiring keenness.

If the selectors, who will be guided by Sir Don Bradman (the only one of them who knows English cricket conditions), pick by the old guard I do not doubt we shall beat them.

They made, of course, their great mistake by not taking a few unknowns to the West Indies to let them show their wares there. That would have made Sir Don's task a good deal easier.

As it is the selectors will probably have to choose a team with a backbone made up of Johnson, Keith Miller, Neil Harvey, Ray Lindwall, Langley, Maddocks, Burke, Mackay, Archer, Craig, MacDonald, Davidson, Crawford and Benaud.

I would say that Harvey and Benaud are the only two of outstanding ability.

And for us, well the same thing applies. Bowlers Tyson and Statham and Lock. Bats: there is only one, the captain Peter May, who reminds me more and more of Frank Woolley, although he has not yet learned the great art of picking a ball off your foot and putting it to leg.

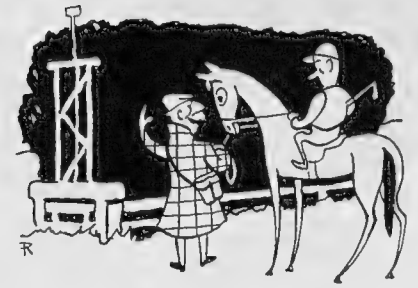
What a shame they are talking already about a knighthood for our late great captain Hutton. When it is talked about it never comes off. I hope this time it will.

★ ★ ★

THE Paris Metro is now plastered with warning advertisements to travellers not to drink more than a litre and a half of wine a day. How foolish to do a thing like that. The only effect will be that Parisians will drink two and a half litres a day.



THE RT. HON. ALAN LENNOX-BOYD, M.P. has had, since his appointment as Secretary of State for the Colonies in 1954, as hard a political row to hoe as any member of the Government, and harder than most. For it is during this time that ill-wishers have endeavoured, with some success, to make the very term "colonialism" one of disrepute. But now Mr. Lennox-Boyd can point, not without pride, to a colony very much in the headlines, Nigeria, where the Queen will see a perfect example of how, given goodwill and lack of outside interference, Great Britain can teach her African peoples how to live, and achieve independence. Mr. Lennox-Boyd, a former President of the Oxford Union, has filled with success many Government posts since he first entered Parliament in 1931, and they have formed a valuable apprenticeship to his tenure of this most prickly, but on an occasion like this supremely rewarding, office.



At the Races

THOSE KIPLING DAYS

A CASUAL mention of Kipling's *Strickland Sahib*—the Indian Sherlock Holmes, whose prototype was the famous Warburton known as "The Warden of the Marches"—political agent of the Khyber Pass, the Gateway into India, of which even the modern and most incomprehensible Smith Minor must have heard tell—has brought me a few interesting letters, particularly two; one from Mrs. Costello, widow of Brigadier-General Costello, V.C., and the other from her sister, Lady Rugby, whose husband was Sir John Maffey before being created a peer.

Mrs. Costello and her husband rented the house in Peshawar in which Warburton lived, and Sir John Maffey, the present Lord Rugby, followed Warburton some time later as a political agent of the Khyber in 1909.

I think we are due a book of reminiscences from Lord Rugby. He lived through a most interesting, if rather bloody, period in the history of that perpetually disturbed region, where the inhabitants specialized in battle, murder and sudden death—the latter frequently of a most unpleasant and painful order.

BOTH Mrs. Costello and Lady Rugby confirm me in saying that Warburton married an Afghan lady, and in his time of which I can speak to a certain extent, she was called an "Afghan Princess." Some people translated this into "Rani" which, if not strictly correct, is probably as near as they could get to it; though "Khanum" would probably be the best way to describe it. The story about her nearly decapitating one of the tribesmen who tried to molest her when she was hacking on in the early morning to a meet of the Peshawar Vale Hounds is quite authentic, and I do not believe that, after what she did to him, that sportsman ever tried it on again!

I understand that a granddaughter of "Strickland Sahib" and the "Khanum" still survives and she also I am sure could implement Kipling. I often wonder whether Kipling ever knew Warburton, or just built up "Strickland Sahib" on what he had been told, in the same way as he did the unbelievable Gadsby and all those Atkinses whom we meet in *Soldiers Three*.

Warburton's bungalow in Peshawar was full of doors and windows, because his "Khanum" was at one time strictly *purdah nashin*, which means that she was such a devout Moslem, she never showed her face to anyone. It was a very common sight in the India of my time to see these ladies walking about in long gowns with just two little holes for their eyes.

Since those days we have progressed considerably, and the Mohammedan lady, also her Hindu sister, walk about quite openly as their European sisters do. I am told for instance that on Viceroy's Cup Day in Calcutta the saris of the ladies make a distinctly different spectacle to what we used to know; and I am sure, a much more colourful one. This would seem very strange to anyone who went back after all those years when no lady of the country was ever seen.

AFTER all this break away, and to return to something more mundane, I still believe that we shall be very neglectful if we do not back Quare Times each way for the National! When a horse wins as far as he did last time, there is no knowing how good he may be, and I believe this one to be very good.

—SABRETACHE



THE QUEEN MOTHER went to Sandown Park to see her good jumper Devon Loch run in the Mildmay Memorial Steeplechase. After a most exciting race it came in third. Top, the winner Linwell (left), owned by Mr. David Brown, duelling with Devon Loch over one of the fences. Above, the Queen Mother gives her horse a good luck pat in the paddock before the race

Below, over the second fence in military formation come Trim Query, Chief Gossip, Camugliano and Halidom in the Metropolitan Novices Hurdle, which opened the meeting





*W/Cdr. and Mrs. N. W. Turner, who
were shortly leaving for Cyprus*

THE R.A.F. REGIMENT DANCE IN YORKSHIRE

THE Commandant and officers of the R.A.F. Regimental Depot at Catterick held a very successful winter regimental ball in the Officers' Mess. Guests included the Commandant-General, Air Vice-Marshal B. C. Yarde, and many guests and friends of the Regiment from Headquarters Northumbrian District and the North Riding

Lt. C. W. Germishuizen, South African Signals, and Mrs. Germishuizen, with Mrs. R. S. Trevelyan, Mrs. A. S. Bell and F/Lt. A. S. Bell



*G/Capt. A. B. Riall, O.B.E., Commandant of
the Depot, talking to Mrs. C. H. Colquhoun*

*Mrs. Spencer, F/Lt. Margaret Stockbridge,
F/Lt. P. McEwann H. Shaw, A.V.M.
G. R. C. Spencer and S/Ldr. S. C. E. Norris*



*F/O. and Mrs. G. R. Feather, and F/O. and
Mrs. Alan Smith, were having refreshments.*

*G/Capt. J. E. Innes-Crump and Mrs. Innes-
Crump with Mrs. Oxley and G/Capt. R. J. Oxley*



Mr. D. Mackintosh, reserve for the British team, the Countess of Selkirk and Mr. C. Mackintosh, of the British team



Major and Mrs. G. I. Pettigrew with their son Simon and daughter Jill and a friend, John Guise, watch the slalom



Miss Rhona Macleod, the Ski Club of Great Britain representative, and Mr. Peter Munster were taking stock of the results of the slalom race

BRITISH SKI CHAMPIONSHIPS IN AUSTRIA

THE last day of the British Ski Championship races held at Kitzbuhel took place in perfect conditions of snow and sunny weather. The championship this year was won by Mr. Sandy Whitelaw. He is representing Britain at Cortina in all three Olympic events



Mr. Sandy Whitelaw, the British ski champion for 1956, was the winner of the slalom and giant slalom races, and came in second in the downhill race



Photographs by
George König

Countess Mary Seilern, Mr. Peter Seilern, down-
hill race winner, and Countess Henriette Seilern



Above: Mr. Nigel Gardner in action in the slalom
race. He was last year's champion. Below: Mr. Robin
Brock-Hollinshead, a British Olympic team member



Mr. B. Head, Mr. M. Sherwood-Smith, Mr. I.
Tite, Mr. G. Pitchford (the class winner) and
Mr. G. Grimley were some of the junior skiers

At the Opera

THE MISSING SPELL

Youngman Carter

Illustration by Emmwood

RIP VAN WINKLE, JNR., revisiting Europe after fifty somnolent years, might drop into Covent Garden to recapture his memories of the English as admirers and patrons of opera. The audience, most of it lounge-suited on an opening night, would puzzle him until it was explained that we, the people, are now the patrons, and that, unlike our predecessors, the subscription is compulsory and our say in the matter non-existent.

What then, he might enquire, has been purchased with our money, for this special occasion, the new presentation of *The Magic Flute*?

An orchestra of first-rate musicians, led by an Englishman but conducted, as ever, by an international celebrity, in this case Rafael Kubelik. A scenic artist, John Piper, who is a notable creative painter, a true modern, with a penchant for presaging storms around the crest of Mount Vesuvius. And singers, of course? Yes, a company of vocalists, some even home-grown, who hold their own against any in Europe and are a delight to the cultured ear.

So far he would find little to excite him, nothing to complain of, and no great cause for astonishment, unless, perhaps, the masterpiece were new to him. He would find it a strange pantomime story concerning a fat young man who was found in a forest by three even plumper young ladies, acquired that well-known character, the Hero's Comic Friend, and finally, despite the efforts of the Wicked Fairy, succeeded in winning the beautiful princess by the simple process of joining the Ancient Egyptian Lodge of the Freemasons.

Our visitor could not fail to be enraptured by the limpid score and its present rendering, the flawless trios of the Attendants on the Queen of Night, the iridescent glories of Miss Irene Jordan's aria, and the sensitive handling of the orchestra which enables these vocal perfections to be properly heard. He would appreciate, of certainty, Jess Walters' Papageno the Birdcatcher, although he would be puzzled as to what anyone with an ability to act was doing in this company of automata. And he might wonder why the slenderest member of the cast had been chosen for the one rôle which calls for size and grandeur.

He might regret, too, that at moments when the ridiculous side of things struck him and he was tempted (as all opera-goers are) to shut his eyes and listen, he was too soon persuaded to open them for consideration of the lighting tricks to be played on Mr. Piper's remarkable setting, and he might reflect (as opera-goers do) that one can't have everything.

HERE, Mr. van Winkle, Jnr., would assure us, is a value-for-money evening, just as good as anything 1956 could produce, with all its wealth. One sort of patronage has been substituted for another, the gibus has given way to the felt and the tiara to the plastic comb. This is progress of a sort, yet the glories of Mozart remain untarnished.

But supposing, as a lover of the Arts, he asked if that were really all? Has there been no forward wave in taste, no realisation that the eye and the ear go together, that the ability to act is an asset even to pantomime stories, and that some of our most brilliant singers are suited by nature only to the concert platform?

Is there nowhere in England where Mozart is presented in the porcelain style which his genius demands?

Well sir, there is. The place is called Glyndebourne, the venue is difficult of access and the music is no better than in London. Its patrons are voluntary contributors: some of them might even be regarded as the rearguard of capitalism.

But they have exercised some wisdom in the spending of what remains of their money after the nation has had its fee. They have invested privately in the perfection brought about by abandoning the archaic traditions of opera, and this, it seems, is an idea which the Welfare State has yet to digest.

"THE MAGIC FLUTE" (Royal Opera House) tells, against a shifting background of gauze, the story of the lovers, Tamino and Pamina (Richard Lewis and Elsie Morison), seen plighted in front of that ambiguous figure, Sarastro (Keith Engen), while Papageno (Jess Walters) stands by with his birdcage





Paul Tanqueray

JOHN FERNALD, new Principal of the Royal Academy of Dramatic Art, is one of our most able producers, and also a brilliant writer and lecturer on the theatre. He comes to the Academy with a great success [of the current West End theatrical season, *The Remarkable Mr. Pennypacker*, bearing tribute to his direction and he is keenly interested in the younger, experimental theatre. Last night the Queen Mother was due to unveil a bust at the R.A.D.A. of his predecessor, Sir Kenneth Barnes, Principal for over forty years

The Gramophone

INNOCENT OF CORN

FOLLOWING the first "hit" records for 1956, named last week, it would be wise for you to turn your attention now upon Johnny Hawkesworth and "R. J. Boogie," coupled with "Get Happy," which has been released under the title "Johnny's Jazz."

Here are as stylishly arranged little *morceaux du jazz* as I've heard for many a long day. Johnny Hawkesworth has not only the ability to "send" his listeners, but to maintain such interest in his work as to make one cry out for more—more—more. He is nothing if not versatile.

It is, however, highly probable that it will be many months (possibly years) before we find his name in the supplements again, and there will doubtless be some who will point out to me that, not only is he not commercial, but that his whole approach lacks the current corny technique which, most unfortunately, is usually required to ensure an artist regular release.

WHATEVER the argument may run, there can be no question as to Hawkesworth's capability; and all of us who have managed to graduate above the moronic know that corn for corn's sake has little if anything to commend it at all! (Decca FJ. 10663.)

For the pleasure of those who enjoy Dixieland style there is an excellent recently released Extended Play of "South," "Sensation," "Milenberg Joys," "Washington and Lee Swing," each in its own right a classic of Dixieland, interpreted by a wonderfully satisfying performance by Pee Wee Hunt. (Capitol EAP. 1002.)

And a quick reference to the newest Harry James—in "Hi-Fi," on which, with his Music Makers, he presents eight tunes in the grand manner that has earned him his niche in the present-day orbit of jazz. (Capitol LC. 6800.) This record will serve further to confirm the mastery of jazz idiom which he has shown so clearly on previous discs. It will delight the enthusiasts.

—Robert Tredinnick



Television

B.B.C.'S NOVELTY NIGHT

ONE surprising feature of the TV tussle is to find the B.B.C. lighter on its toes than its opponent. A degree of rigidity in the timetable is inevitable to accommodate commercials. But this leaves B.B.C. programmes the more supple and manoeuvrable, rendering I.T.A. the unwieldy cumbersome party tied to relentlessly regular features.

To-night the B.B.C. offers two novelties: the first performance of Arthur Benjamin's new opera *Manana* and a new series of *Traveller's Tales* by David Attenborough.

A new opera specially commissioned by B.B.C. TV is clearly an occasion. *Manana* is produced by George Foa, who has laboured indefatigably to overcome viewers' prejudice against opera. The composer has written parts specially for Frederick Sharp, the Sadler's Wells bass, and Carlos Montez, Mexican tenor, who sang ravishingly in "In Town To-night." Edith Coates, most formidable of British operatic contraltos, sings the aged widow whose savings disappear. The young soprano is Heather Harper, who made a brave and competent, if uninspired début as Violetta in Foa's earlier production of *La Traviata*, and Julian Bream has an important part to contribute on the solo guitar.

IN producing this original work for TV, Foa will have to vie with Patricia Foy's recent triumph with *Immortal Susan*, where the young actress Dilys Hamlett's rendering of Pavlova in the dressing-room matched Markova's dancing on the stage. (But could there not have been agreement on pronunciation of the name Pavlova?)

David Attenborough and his previous "ZOO Quests" are established favourites. To fill in his time of preparing for another expedition by a new series is in its way as proper an exercise of patronage by B.B.C. TV as commissioning a new opera.

Sunday's B.B.C. "Brains Trust" should be considerably reinforced by the presence of Bertrand Russell and Lord David Cecil. It is only fair to welcome I.T.A.'s exercise, however belated, of its authority to curb the excesses of that most gruesome of all programmes, "People are Funny."

—Freda Bruce Lockhart

At the Pictures

DELINQUENT

LINE-UP

WHEN you have seen Mr. Nicholas Ray's *Rebel Without a Cause*, a Hollywood film you will almost certainly want to see, I suggest you persuade yourself to take in *Five Boys From Barska Street*, a Polish picture directed by Pan Aleksander Ford. Both deal with juvenile delinquency and its causes—but how differently they approach the problem.

Mr. Ray, tackling it among the prosperous middle-classes in California, contends that juvenile delinquency arises from a lack of parental affection and understanding. He is a firm believer in the power of love to calm and cure the unease of bewildered adolescence.


PAN FORD, operating in the craggy ruins of war-shattered Warsaw, seems to claim that juvenile delinquency stems from the monetary failure of youth itself to appreciate the joys of serving the State. Put the boys to work, offer them the stimulating prospect of becoming national heroes by laying 4200 bricks in a day, and they'll soon reform. It's a wonderfully simple answer to a troublesome question, and beyond the Iron Curtain it may even be the right one. Although the film strikes me as glib propaganda, I have to admit it is well-directed, well-acted and very finely photographed in Agfacolour.

Nobody could possibly suspect Mr. Ray of propagandising: the picture he presents of life in golden California is anything but cosy. No responsible parents would wish any child of theirs to grow up in an atmosphere so emotionally overcharged: unfortunately, as Mr. Ray points out, few parents are responsible. That's to say, few recognise any responsibility towards their young, whom they don't even try to understand.

So what happens? Youths grow vicious, hunt in packs, fight with knives and lengths of chain, and challenge one another to take senseless risks in order to impress their teen-age girl-friends, who stand quivering by, watching, in a state of hot-eyed near-hysteria. It's sheer hell for the sensitive boy or girl and there's no escape.

Mr. Ray's hero is a youth who doesn't want to be one of "the gang." The part is brilliantly played by the late Mr. James Dean, whose study of tormented, inarticulate adolescence is heart-rending. He is hot for certainties in this our life: from his father, a flabby weakling, and his mother, a nagging housewife, he gets not even a dusty answer.

The boy is picked up drunk one night and taken to the police-station, where he meets two other tense teen-agers—a girl (Miss Natalie Wood) who has taken to wandering the streets because her father rejects her effusively affectionate advances, and a rather repellent boy called Plato (Mr. Sal Mineo), who has wantonly killed some puppies



PEGGY CUMMINS, the charming young British star, plays Pat Maguire, the younger daughter of a rich American racehorse owner, in the CinemaScope and Eastmancolour racing comedy *The March Hare*, directed by George More O'Ferrall. Co-starring with her are Terence Morgan, Martita Hunt, Cyril Cusack, and Wilfred Hyde White. Peggy Cummins has made a great success at the Scala Theatre this year as *Peter Pan*, in which she is now touring the country. She came to London from Dublin, where she was educated, in 1941 to act in the film *Doctor O'Dowd*



Jim (James Dean) is faced with an ultimatum from gang-leader Plato (Sal Mineo) in *Rebel Without a Cause*, and agrees to hide out

because, one gathers, his divorced parents have left him to a loveless life.

A burning need for affection draws the three together, but only after they have all been involved in a hideous game in which one of their school-fellows is killed. The game, popular with the wild Californian kids, according to Mr. Ray, is this: two boys drive stolen cars at top speed towards the edge of a cliff—and the driver who leaps out first, before the car crashes over, is branded a coward. Jolly fun, I must say.

MR. DEAN, I suppose, is the coward here, as he survives, but at least he has the guts to feel he should report the ugly affair to the police. "The gang" fears just this and sets out to fix Mr. Dean. The devoted Plato, armed with a gun, finds him first and persuades him and Miss Wood to come to a deserted mansion, where they can safely hide.

Here, by some strange magic, they are able to shed the horrors of the night and recapture the happiness of childhood. But children shouldn't carry guns—and the end is a tragedy which, Mr. Ray seems to imagine, will create a better understanding between at least one boy and girl and their respective parents. This I doubt: between the characters as they stand there can only be emotion, never communication.

Mr. Ray's direction is masterly and his sincerity unquestionable. I'm afraid that's why I see the film as another stinging indictment of the American way of life. The censor has given it an X Certificate, and I think he was right.

ALSO he has awarded an X Certificate to *Bel-Ami*, which may or may not endear him to the French censors: they were dead against the film's being shown to anybody at all. French politics and foreign affairs being, at the moment, rather more than usually confusing, perhaps they were right.

M. Louis Daquin's screen version of the de Maupassant story is too slow, but the necessary cool cynicism is there. The handsome Georges Duroy (M. Jean Danet), dedicated careerist, suavely pursues his way to political power, using the women in his life (Mlles. Renée Faure, Anne Vernon and Christl Mardayn) as stepping-stones to higher things. He marries the daughter (Mlle. Maria Emo) of the richest banker in France—and "He'll become a Cabinet Minister now," say the guests at his wedding, while the bride's mother, whom he had previously seduced, sheds a bitter tear. It's a period piece, of course—such things don't happen nowadays—and the costumes and customs of the turn of the century lend it a certain acrid charm.

—Elsbeth Grant



ARTHUR ASKEY is ready to storm the Wild West as Bill Ramsbottom in Jack Hylton Film Production's *Ramsbottom Rides Again*. In one stride he steps from a bowler-hatted London life to the sheriff's office in Lonesome. This sprightly half-pint-size comedian has been ceaselessly popular since the wartime days of the radio show "Band Waggon." He first appeared in films in 1934, one of his most popular being *Charlie's Big-Hearted Aunt*. Among the many West End shows in which he has starred are *The Love Match* and a number of musicals



Col. E. Remington Hobbs was chatting to the Marchioness of Northampton after leaving the dance floor

Mr. Paddy Hartigan and Miss Diana Shirley were with Miss Caroline Allen and Mr. Peter Clothier



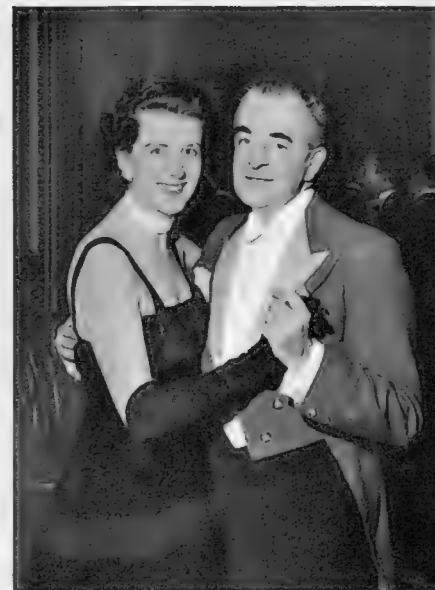
*The TATLER
and Bystander
FEBRUARY 1, 1936
186*

Mr. F. R. Watson, Mrs. Pelham-Reid and Mr. D. J. Wyatt had all just arrived at Tyringham House

FOLLOWERS OF A FAMOUS NORTH

THE scene of the Grafton Hunt Ball this year was stately Tyringham House, near Newport Pagnell, in Northamptonshire. Guests included followers of the Grafton and many adjacent hunts and their friends; also visitors from

Photographs by



Mrs. John Ward, wife of Col. John Ward, was dancing with Earl Beatty



Miss Elizabeth Messel partnered in a waltz by her fiancé, Mr. Ian Church



Mrs. John Shepridge and Col. John Ward
who commands the Household Cavalry

Right: Lt.-Col. Neil Foster, who
is the Master of the Grafton, and
Lady Sudeley were having supper

WILTSHIRE HUNT GAVE A BALL

London. Dancing began at 11 p.m. and went on until the early hours of the morning. There was an excellent buffet and oyster bar in the brocade-panelled rooms off the ballroom, which are a feature of this beautiful old mansion

mond O'Neill



D. Williams, Whaddon M.F.H., Lt.-
Neil Foster and Major J. P. Young



Capt. Peter Reynolds and Miss
Beryl Reid were among the 300 guests



Standing By

PSYCHIATRY ON ICE

D. B. Wyndham Lewis

THE shades of night were falling fast as through an Alpine village passed a Harley Street psychiatrist with twelve rich women on his list; and echoing in his urgent tracks was heard the cry: "Relax! Relax!"

This dramatic adjunct to the Alpine scene will soon become the rage, we deduce from a Sunday paper story about a woman at a fashionable Winter Sports dump who recently summoned her psychiatrist by 'plane, from London, "presumably to analyse her reactions to the mountains." We asked a specialist about this last week. What chiefly upsets smart women in the Alps, it seems, is that at almost any height they may suddenly find themselves in the grip of lofty, mystical, and impressive Thought, like the Alpine Club boys. Ensuing terror often summons up the visual apparition of a tall veiled figure of awful majesty materialising from the eternal snows and gazing at them with ill-concealed aversion.

Three minutes on the old sofa brings this inhibition to the surface. The psychiatrist rubs his hands. He knows it. It's technically called the Lunn-Angst. And what is that? Read on, chicks.

Spectral

THE Lunn-Angst is the impact on the guilty subconscious of smart women of the presence, elsewhere in Switzerland (as at this very moment), of the leading British Alpine sporting authority, an old and admired chum of ours. Having what is called the gift of "multilocation," he is able to project himself astrally at several points simultaneously, many miles apart. The apparition's steady gaze means "Go Home," or "Try Monte Carlo." See our contribution to the *Psychic Review* for January 1949 ("The Spectre of the Snows," pp. 29-56).

Puff

ACHAP fresh from viewing the current exhibition in the Faubourg St. Honoré called "A Century of Railways in Art" tells us he was greatly affected by the

emotional Parisian response to paintings and models of long-dead locomotives. He had not thought the French cared for old railway engines as much as we do.

They care just as much, but the angle is different, since engines most likely remind them of sex. ("Everything reminds me of sex," as the mournful French tourist in the American story said when they showed him New York from the top of the Empire State Building). We'd say this goes for the Faubourg likewise. Since, contrariwise, everything reminds you white men of cricket, your emotional response on viewing a dead railway engine is of a sterner kind, no doubt. This certainly applies to the Velasquez Venus in the National Gallery, at whom we found a chap we know staring hard not long ago. "She reminds me of something," he muttered at length. It turned out to be Rule 41.*

Afterthought

THERE is also the leading case of Alfred Lord Tennyson, who couldn't keep cricket even out of a long, tragic poem like *Maud*. E.g.:

Come into the garden, Maud,
For the straight bat, Knight,† has flown;
Come into the garden, Maud,
I am here, with the "gate," ‡ alone...

It seems to us a healthier attitude than the French one. But what isn't?

Midnight

WOMEN who toy languidly with three green peas at dinner may possibly be undergoing some frightful new beauty-treatment, as an innocent gossip boy assumed, but we'd say they were just ghouls, like Amina in *The Thousand And One Nights*.

* "41. The fieldsman may stop the ball with any part of his person," etc., etc.

† E. J. K. Knight (Surrey and England).

‡ Totalling, when finally recovered,
£267 14s. 8d.



You haven't forgotten Amina, the new-married bride who worries her everloving husband by picking at three grains of rice at mealtimes, until he catches her slipping away at midnight to join her sister-ghouls for a jolly good blowout in the nearest cemetery? Girls in medieval Persia were carved with scimitars for this, but the Mayfair form today is different, an Old Harrovian engaged to a charming little blonde ghoul tells us. Hostesses may raise a quizzical eyebrow, but nothing is said. It seems odd that a smart current playwright like Anouilh has not yet used this theme for a comedy called *La Belle Aux Trois Pois*. Alternatively we can't think why our TV braves haven't thought of it for "What's Your Line?"

Footnote

How easily a slim, shy English Rose could tie up Tootsy, Poopsy, Ben, Eamonn, Old Uncle Gil Harding and all with a dainty triple gesture of digging, scooping, and munching, one may well conjecture.

"Er—are you connected in some way with the widget-burnishing trade?" (Laughter and applause.)

"Have you anything to do with designing bowler hats? I mean the ventilation-holes?" (Laughter and applause.)

"Are you by any chance a scug-puddler?" (Laughter and applause.)

Having seen "Ghoul" flashed on the screen, those of the TV public who can read would of course have told the others at the beginning. She's a ghoul, Mumsie. A what? A ghoul. Oh.

BRIGGS . . . by Graham





Lady Wiseman, wife of Sir William Wiseman, Bt., and Mr. Ted Peckham, the novelist

PARTY IN JAMAICA: Captain Edward Molyneux gave a very amusing party recently at his beautiful home, Miranda Hill. Some of the guests flew in from Miami and Palm Beach just for the evening, and a cabaret was flown down specially from New York. Above: The host with Mrs. Kingman Douglas (formerly Adele Astaire) and Mr. Stanley Vaughan

The Marquesa Merry del Val, wife of the Spanish Ambassador to Ciudad Trujillo, and Snr. Jaime Parlade from Andalusia



Anne Bolt

Lady Mitchell, Miss Esther Chapman, the novelist and editor of the "West Indies Review," and Sir Harold Mitchell



Princess Liechtenstein with Dr. André Kling were among the many guests that evening



"Heard the latest canard?"



"TROILUS AND CRESSIDA," Sir William Walton's opera, had its Continental première at La Scala, Milan, and was attended by a distinguished international audience. Above: Polero, the Italo-American tenor, who plays the part of Troilus. Below: Sir Laurence Olivier and Lady Walton, wife of the composer. At bottom: Sir Ashley Clarke, the British Ambassador in Italy, and Maria de Gabarana, the singer

Priscilla in Paris

USEFUL BRIDGE

THINGS are rather dull just now. A certain amount of excitement bubbled up over the International Bridge contest, but, after all, we are not all of us Bridge fans, and the bubbling could not therefore take place in anything other than a smallish cauldron, though the surroundings could not possibly have been pleasanter.

I was dragged to Claridge's one evening. I went because I had been promised an excellent dinner first. The way my host-to-be bunched his fingers together and wafted a kiss into the air (Yes! A charming and typical Frenchman who is also a gourmet!) was eloquent, but when one is not more intelligent than I am over card games (except "Happy Families!"), it is unwise to dine too excellently before trying to understand the fine points of an international contest!

However, the Claridge is next door to the Cinéma de l'Ermitage, and when I had recovered I slipped along to see Miss Vivien Leigh in *The Deep Blue Sea* that, to our great joy, has just arrived in Paris. We have not had the pleasure of seeing Miss Leigh since *A Streetcar Named Desire*, that still draws full houses whenever and wherever it is shown in "V.O." (*Version originale*.) There was a revival of *Gone With The Wind*, but it was a "dubbed" version, and though the non-linguistic crowds rolled up, the connoisseurs refuse to put up with a makeshift for Miss Leigh's charming voice and beautiful enunciation.

NOW is one of the times of the year when one moves house in Paris. Theoretically, that is! The finding of a place to move to partakes of a miracle, and furniture-removal firms look like going out of business. One can purchase—if one is a millionaire, and one can exchange—if one can find a dissatisfied person to exchange with. Two years ago I was lucky. I exchanged a quite palatial affair for a snug little four-roomer on a fourth floor that had been outgrown by a papa, a mama, three small children, a nannie and a father-in-law. We let off fireworks!

Now, however, I am beginning to find the absence of a lift rather a trial. If any Paris householder who likes climbing has a ground flat to get rid of, please wire!

I AM afraid that *mon aimable confrère*, Mr. Paul Holt, has been misled in thinking that the great French writer Colette (Mme. Maurice Goudeket) came, as he states, from the "people."

His error, probably, is due to the fact that when Colette was still a young child, her parents lost a considerable fortune due to unfortunate speculations, and she was brought up very simply in a small country town that was little more than a village. She loved to run wild in the woods, but though she may have been of the earth earthy, she quite definitely was not "of the people."

On January 28th, 1873, in the small market town of Saint Sauveur en Puisaye, was born: Sidonie Gabrielle Colette.

Her family name became her pen-name.

Colette's father, Jules Joseph Colette, was born at Toulon in 1829 and became a distinguished soldier. Her mother, who had been left a considerable fortune by her first husband, married him in 1865. They were a wonderful couple and their daughter was very proud of them.

Colette has often written about her father, notably in *Les Heures Longues* and *La Maison de Claudine*. Her unforgettable *Sido* is entirely about her mother.

Lutte pour la vie . . .

● The *Nouvelles Littéraires* tells us that dramatist Jacques Deval has come to the conclusion that, at a certain age, a man must decide whether he intends to prolong his youth . . . or his life!





Mr. Leonard Potter and Mr. Michael Awson were the drivers of the first car to reach Dover

ON THE ROAD TO MONTE CARLO

THE 26th occasion of this most famous of motor rallies was considered also to be the most difficult in the history of the competition. It was won this year by Mr. Ronald Adams in his Jaguar for Great Britain. Above: Miss Sheila Van Damm, with co-drivers Mrs. Yvonne Jackson and Mrs. Anne Hall

Mr. A. Wright and Mr. H. Harper with their M.G. at the Dover check

Mr. J. Dodd and Mrs. E. Hill listen to a bulletin at a Dover refuelling-point



Above: Mr. G. Carruthers and Mr. H. Shillabeer with their Humber at Boulogne. Below: Mr. Philip Walton and Mr. John Stafford at the French port



Mr. D. Uren with his Ford Anglia at Dover after the drive from Glasgow

Mr. Frank Grounds and Mr. William Johnson, who were driving a Jaguar





"BALLET AND THE CAMERA," by John Hart (Chatto and Windus; 10s. 6d.), is a unique record of the Sadler's Wells Ballet, behind the scenes and on the stage, photographed and written by the present Ballet Master. Above left: Pauline Clayden and Alexander Grant in *Daphnis and Chloe*. Right: Nadia Nerina as Mlle. Angot

Book Reviews

Elizabeth Bowen

ANTIQUARIAN'S LOG

INTRODUCING ANTIQUE DEALER, an autobiography by R. P. Way (Michael Joseph; 15s.), I cannot, I think, do better than quote the jacket. "Everyone who has ever tried to pick up a bargain at a country auction, a small antique shop or a big London sale room will enjoy this book." For the author takes us into the heart of one of the most fascinating professions in the world—one which combines the elements of fine art, sport, and quite often drama. Many of us, coming away glowing from a sale with the "find" of the ages wrapped up in newspaper, may have toyed with notions of this career for ourselves. You and I, however, don't know the half. In antique dealing, this author shows us, the amateur must bow to the professional.

Mr. Way was born into the tradition. Sea-going was in the blood of this Bristol family, but his father acquired a share in a small business, which in spite of initial discouragements he built up: the Way children patiently polished silver in the back parlour on Saturday afternoons.

The original Way shop soon took on reputation and personality: Park Street was an outgoing thoroughfare for Bristol's merchant princes, bowling leisurely home in their carriages, at the close of day, to agreeable dwellings outside the city. Many dropped in for a chat and a look round. "For that reason the busiest time of day in our shop was from four-thirty until seven." This was the mellow Edwardian period—one, too, in which Bristol was very stage-conscious. Celebrities playing at the famous Prince's Theatre also converged on the Way premises.

In 1910, at the age of seventeen, our author began his career in his father's shop—or, one should say, took his place there officially, for the showrooms and storage sheds were a known terrain. Latent sixth sense with regard to antiques, plus the necessary specialist's knowledge, must have been already partly developed. Business experience, of course, was another thing: our young man, when first left alone in charge, made more than one blunder.

Of the fishy would-be vendor, the time-wasting, loquacious, ignorant customer, he soon learned instinctively to beware.

Incidentally, we learn from *Antique Dealer* how to, and how not to, cruise round antique shops. To-day's non-purchasing viewer may be to-morrow's customer, or by chance equally well may not be: his or her appreciation, liking and interest is welcomed in either case. Nor is reasonable bargaining resented. But antique shop visitors should not blindly paw things, or expect good men without limit to suffer fools.

THE education Mr. Way had from his father is described in the early chapters.

We gain, thereby, insight into the tests, practices, etiquette and, no less, ethics of the trade. The learner accompanied his father to a series of country-house auction sales; then came the ordeal of faring forth solo, with knowledge that a critical family circle (his mother was also in the business) would at home be awaiting the day's outcome. Then, the time came when the son backed his judgment against his father's, and junior rather than senior was proved right. Mr. Way père's generosity comes out shining—the boy was on his feet, could be taught no more. May all fathers in this position behave so well!

My own favourite parts of *Antique Dealer* are, always, those about auction sales. Their dramatic tension, sheer human interest, hopes and fears, discoveries and surprises never seem to have worn off for Mr. Way. More than a hundred potential novels simmer beneath these straightforward pages. And we hear of this from a feeling man, far from impervious to the melancholy of the sell-up of a longstanding family home. Also, the individual hard case touched him. "An antique dealer, if he is human, has to steel himself at times against the sadness he is bound to meet in the course of his business. Sentiment cannot be entirely excluded, and sometimes in private dealings I have felt the emotion of pity stab me sharply."

As against this, there is balanced something equivalent to the hunter's zest, plus the satisfactions (however, in this case, temporary) of the collector. Also, there are mouth-watering descriptions of *objets*—furniture, china, glass.

TWICE vice-president of the British Antique Dealers' Association, Mr. Way shows us the work done by that excellent body in maintaining standards, protecting interests, settling disputes and ensuring our high national reputation. Notes on the trade with America are enlightening. Chapters go to the question of booms and slumps, in trade generally or periods in particular. He observes with humour the onrush of the Regency craze, and, with tolerance, the young entry. "Young gentlemen dealers from London in their high-powered Jaguar cars called on me and said, in their drawling voices, 'I'm only interested in Regency, what can you do for me?'"

Alas, Mr. Way has not lived to see his book's publication. One would have liked to have thanked him for his good company. He could not have a better monument than *Antique Dealer*. David Knight, who designed the witty jacket (reproduced on the end-pages), deserves tribute, too.

★ ★ ★

NICHOLAS BLAKE'S *A TANGLED WEB* (Collins; 12s. 6d.) does not bear, I see, the Crime Club's imprimatur. For this time he gives us a novel involving crime rather than an outright detective story. What is wickedness—can anything be wicked than a murder? Legally, no; morally . . . well? No mere yarn could raise such a searching question. It seems not inopportune to remind the reader that "Nicholas Blake's" identity is now no secret—Cecil Day Lewis's poetic status entitles him to re-value human behaviour: did not Shelley claim that poets are the legislators of the world?

"How could anyone be so wicked? How could he do it?" Such, on the opening page, is the cry of Daisy, whose lover Hugo has lately been sentenced to death for wilful murder. But it is not to Hugo that she refers. Monstrousness, sheer cerebral cruelty, is embodied in a quite other character—his name, a reviewer ought not to give, for much of the story's suspense surrounds this. I can only say that in X, an apparent friend, we meet a case of spiritual deformity, equalled only by that of a Webster villain.

Nicholas Blake's shrewd plot-building and bizarre humour yield place, several times in *A Tangled Web*, to the splendour of Cecil Day Lewis language. "Time stretched around her like an ice age," we read. And there are lovely pictures of spring, of country.



DAME MARGOT FONTEYN, who was made a D.B.E. in the New Year's Honours, has recently been paying a visit to Monte Carlo to dance for the first time with the Festival Ballet. She is seen there with her partner Michael Somes and her husband Dr. Robert Arias, Panamanian Ambassador to Britain. Dame Margot will dance in the anniversary production of *The Sleeping Princess* at Covent Garden, on February 20th

Just a Silhouette— A Simple Silhouette

THESE DRESSES, photographed with a background of lifesize cut-out silhouettes copied from French early-nineteenth-century originals, have been chosen for smart afternoon cocktail or evening dinner-jacket occasions. Notice how all the dresses, from the most informal to the grandest, rely on beautiful materials beautifully cut, and very little ornament of any kind, for their air of distinction
—MARIEL DEANS



Left: A short evening dress by Roecliff and Chapman made of a slate-blue pure silk material, embroidered all over with a white scroll design. It may be had from Debenham and Freebody's Small Ladies' department

Left: A short evening dress of midnight-blue lace over a matching accordion-pleated nylon tulle underskirt. The bows are dark-blue velvet. This lovely dress, designed by Julian Rose, is sold by Dickins and Jones

Right: An afternoon dress by Elizabeth Henry in navy-blue silk romane with a very prettily gathered bodice and slender skirt. Dickins and Jones have it in stock



Left: Rima make this strikingly original sheath dress of Italian hand-printed real silk. Grey is the principal colour in the oil-stain design of the print. It is stocked by Woollands of Knightsbridge. *Right:* A dramatically lovely dress from Christian Dior, London. Made of a very heavy black faille, the whole dress is beautifully built on a completely boned foundation. The shoulder-framing neckline is particularly becoming. Fortnum & Mason

Photographs by
ARMSTRONG JONES

A dress of stiff silk by Frederick Starke. Short sleeved, cut high in the neck with a neatly buttoned bodice and full skirt, this black silk dress woven with a floral silver stripe is as early Victorian as the figure with which it is photographed. Mikla, Wigmore Street, have this dress



Give a welcome to with a spring

Shoes Those shown on these two pages (writes Mariel Deans) are from the spring collections shown in London. Really fine high heels are becoming easier to find and we have photographed a number of afternoon models designed to show off the pretty feet and legs of gay young women-about-town.

On the opposite page is Rayne's enchantingly pretty shoe in Tamarack calf which has a black velvet ribbon insertion. There is a bag that you can have to match. In the top picture on this page are first, "Artignano," (left) a shoe in black grained calf finished with a small buckle, is made by Bally and sold by the London Shoe Company. A beautifully made beige calf shoe by Holmes (centre) is trimmed with rows of stitching and a neat bow. It has a fine stiletto heel, and will be for sale at Dickins & Jones in February. Finally (right) "Lucerne" a shoe by Stacy made of tan calf finished with a black suède collar. From Simpsons, Piccadilly.

In the bottom picture is a house slipper by Joyce, made of soft pinky-gold Chinese patterned brocade, finished off with a curling, gilded tongue. From Lilley & Skinner. Then "Almonde" a shoe in pale, parchment-coloured calf decorated with a looped bow and a near-moonstone jewel, designed and sold by Clarks, Regent Street; while from Russell & Bromley comes "Ravello," an elegant I. Millar model in navy blue calf piped and trimmed with white.



the coming season in your step

Stockings—the “Stretch” variety that like guilty secrets were just beginning to creep on to the market when we wrote our last stocking feature in July—are now very well established and warmly welcomed by all.

Klingsil make a seam-free stretch nylon with a slenderized ankle which sells for 9s. 11d. in three sizes, large, medium and small (oh, dear, tact again needed). Kayser Bondor's new “Embraceable” is made from one thread of 15 denier stretch nylon and one 12 denier straight nylon. Knitted on 51 gauge machines, if one thread breaks the other will hold so that they give their wearers a second chance. Price 12s. 6d. Vayl have just produced an extra fine stretch mesh stocking, 66 gauge 15 denier, which is again sold in large, medium and small and priced at 12s. 11d. Berkshire also make a mesh stocking, called Kantrun Nylon Stretch stocking—which costs 14s. 11d. and that we know from personal experience is extremely hard wearing. Bear Brand have two stretch stockings, one a very strong smooth number for the country called Style 55, costing 16s. 11d., the other a superfine nylon 60 gauge 15 denier whose price is 12s. 11d.

Ballerina now make their “Ladder Stop” device a standard feature right through their range from 7s. 11d. to 17s. 11d. Whilst ladder-stop stockings are not ladder proof, ladders are sealed off within those parts where the trouble usually starts—at the top and toe.

John French





Michel Molinare



CHOICE FOR THE WEEK by Mariel Deans



TWIN-SET FROM THE SHETLANDS

SHETLAND wool, evoking memories of those grey-white comforters of our childhood, has sprung again into popularity this season and is enjoying such a vogue that sales figures rival those for lambswool. This useful Shetland twin-set has a long-sleeved sweater as well as cardigan so that there is no falling out of warmth where most people feel the cold most. Priced at approximately 5 gns the set, it is made by Munro-spun, Ltd., 9 Poland Street, London W.1., to whom all inquiries should be addressed. The car is a Humber Super Snipe. Above, this little hat—a Teen & Twenty model by Gina Davies—is made of white fur felt with a brown petersham band and gilt buckle. It costs approximately 69s. 11d. and comes from Marshall & Snelgrove. Right, the sweater shown without the cardigan. Notice the neat high neckline achieved by a deep ribbed band. The set, photographed in sage green, comes in a good range of colours





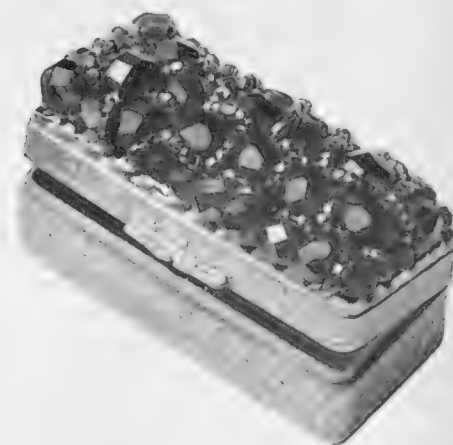
This beautiful French stole in black lace is filmy and enchanting. It comes from Fenwicks and costs £1. 19s. 6d.

A jewel-studded evening compact which costs £10.10s., and its "satellite" pillbox. £4.1+s.6d. from Harrods

Les Présages . . . !

EVENING glamour and party prospects are much enhanced by accessories which lend charm to the dress and the décor. Those seen here will fit any gay occasion

—JEAN CLELAND



Another elegant container for lozenges, etc. This, also from Harrods, is £4.1+s.6d.



Two charming pill or saccharine boxes for the evening bag. Harrods, £4.14s.6d. each

Dior designed this gilt and turquoise festoon necklace (£22.10s.), with ear-rings (£7.7s.), brooch (£6.15s.). Marshall and Snelgrove



An unusual suite of Italian jewellery. The necklet is £15.2s.6d., the bracelet £7.17s.6d. and ear-rings £5.15s.6d. Obtainable at Harrods Dennis Smith

New from France, a necklace in chunky design, price £4.4s. Matching bracelet £5.10s., Ear-rings, 18s.6d. Marshall and Snelgrove





Beauty

Jean Cleland

More than all right on party night

A FRIEND said to me the other day, "How is it that some women seem to get so beautifully lighted up for a party. I don't mean 'lit' up," she added, "I mean a sort of extra brilliance about their whole appearance, that goes with jewels and gaiety and party dress."

Many people have asked me the same question. Especially those who live at a distance and cannot get into the salons for a last minute hair-do and facial.

First let me say that although it is quicker and easier to be "prettied up" by experts, there is a great deal one can do for oneself in the way of achieving a party look and tuning in to the bright lights.

Let us start with the hair. If you live in the country, you no doubt spend a good deal of time in the open air, possibly without a hat. If the weather is damp and blowy, it soon makes trouble ahead, and when this is the case the hair usually responds in one of two ways. If it is dry, it becomes frizzy and loses its shape. If it is oily, it gets lank and looks drab.

For the first case, the best thing to do is to put a little brilliantine in the palm of your hand, and rub the comb in it. Then comb the hair thoroughly right through to the roots, and follow with a few minutes vigorous brushing. When the hair feels soft and pliable again, take a wet comb, and comb it through again, then while it is just slightly damp, press the waves into place, and pin up the curls.

THE best time to do this is the evening before the party, so that you can leave the pins in all night. If, however, you have to do it at the last minute, cover the head with a net, and dry it quickly in front of a fire, or better still with a hand dryer. These little dryers are quite inexpensive and are a good investment.

Oily hair can be freshened up very effectively by rubbing all over the scalp with a friction lotion. Before putting on the friction, rub the hair well with a hot towel. This takes off quite a lot of the surplus oil, and the friction does the rest. For extra evening glamour, there are all sorts of wonderful things now for lighting up the hair. All you have to do is brush them on wherever you want a highlight. They are ideal for special occasions, and they will wash out quite easily when you have your next shampoo.

The best pre-party treatment for giving a little extra radiance to the

skin is, in my opinion, a good face mask. These are very easy to apply at home, but, as with most things, a good deal of the success lies in how the thing is done. First of all, remember that all masks are inclined to be drying. This stands to reason, because one of the chief purposes of a mask is to tighten up the skin and refine the texture. So, unless you have an unusually oily complexion, start with some nourishment. Cleanse the face, and then give it several minutes good massage with a rich skin food. (As my own skin is extremely dry, I usually open the pores first by covering my face with a face towel wrung out in hot water, and if yours is of a similar type I advise you to do the same.)

After the massage, wipe off every vestige of cream, then spread the mask on evenly. Carry it close up under the eyes, but do it gently so as not to stretch the skin.

IF there are any lines and wrinkles, try to spread the mask across them and not down. In this way it helps to smooth them out. Leave it on until quite dry; this usually takes about a quarter of an hour. While it is drying, you can freshen up your eyes by placing little pads of cotton-wool soaked in eye lotion over closed lids.

To remove the mask, soak a large pad of cotton-wool in lukewarm water, and dab all over the face, then, when the mask is soft, wipe it off, and finish by splashing the skin with cold water.

Now for the make-up. For everyday use I usually recommend a cream foundation if the skin is dry, and a liquid one if it is oily. Evening make-up, however, is a different matter. It must have that luminous look of finish my friend meant when she talked about looking "lighted up." For this, in nearly all cases, a liquid foundation is the better choice.

Few people suspect how greatly evening glamour depends on the art of mixing shades of powder. Elizabeth Arden advocates the "Two Powder Technique,"

and this, if done well, can be highly effective. In general, the idea is to put a deeper shade of powder underneath, to give an underlying glow, and a lighter one on top. In particular, a beautiful look of radiance can be achieved by using a special combination. First a pale creamy shade of powder called "Neutral," and on top of this an enchanting new shade called "Evening Pink."

When all this has been done, there is one last secret to give sparkle to the eyes. Just one drop in each eye of Arden's "Crystal Clear Eye Drops."

Here's to the next party, for which the toast is "Twinkle, twinkle little Star."



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DINING IN

Some tips from Thérèse

BECAUSE I very often ask for veal kidneys, I manage, probably, to get more than my share of them. They arrive at table, therefore, in a number of guises. This past three weeks, for instance, we enjoyed them twice, each dish being different, because Thérèse, a young Frenchwoman who has been staying with me, turned out to be a gifted cook.

When I brought home two really "super" calf's kidneys, she exclaimed that she could not get them as good in France which, I must say, pleased me. Here is her way with kidneys, which was her mother's way. Incidentally, if genius is an infinite capacity for taking pains, this applies to good cooking, too. She cut off each separate "knob" of kidney and removed all tissue. Then she well rinsed and dried them. Next, she *sautéed* them very gently in a generous lump of butter, adding, for the two, $\frac{1}{4}$ pound mushrooms.

(I always say that, given mushrooms and tomatoes and the usual "normal" materials in any home, I shall never be at a loss for a meal. Where, however, I would use half of my supply in a dish, Thérèse would use the lot at one go! Her Mushroom Omelets were superb, but I needed about four times my weekly supply of mushrooms to keep her going.)

RETURNING to the kidneys. She cooked the sliced, unpeeled, tiny mushrooms with the kidneys, adding a *bouquet garni* and seasoning to taste. In another pan she fried a chopped shallot in butter and added it. Then she poured in quite a good glass of Burgundy (left over from the previous evening) and simmered all together for 20 minutes. Finally, and rather surprisingly to me, she blended a good teaspoon of cornflour with $\frac{1}{4}$ cup water and stirred the mixture into the kidneys and mushrooms. At the last minute, she sprinkled freshly chopped parsley over the dish, which was served with creamed potatoes.

This dish could have been *Rognons Bourguignonne*, if whole small onions had been cooked and glazed and added to it, but she explained that her family did not care for so much onion.

Her Creamed Potatoes were a joy. Here is her way: Slice the peeled potatoes fairly thinly. Cover them with boiling water and season with coarse salt. Boil gently until they are almost ready to be poured, then *half* pour them. Finish the cooking, mash the potatoes and whip them very well with hot milk and a very generous piece of butter. The "secret" is the water remaining in the potatoes and, of course, the butter. The potatoes should *taste* of butter, but they will not if the liquid is all milk.

I learned what, to me, was a new way to chop parsley. Thérèse de-stalked it, put the sprigs into a cup and cut rapidly down into them with the kitchen scissors. Result?—The quickest cut-up parsley, as fine as you want it. Mentioning this to a man friend, who is a very good amateur cook, I was told that this was the way he always "chopped" parsley so, perhaps, the method may not be new to you—but I hope it is. A new way to do a tiresome job is always an event to me.

THE above way of cooking veal kidneys is a very pleasant one, but I like grilled kidneys equally well. Leave some of the fat on the kidneys and grill them until, when a sharp needle is thrust into them, the liquid which exudes is not too pink. Here again, I think that Creamed Potatoes go with them almost better than any other vegetable.

Try, too, Casseroled Veal Kidneys. Remove the fat from two good-sized ones and soak them for 2 hours in slightly salted water. Drain and wash. In a smallish casserole (an iron one is ideal) place a bed of very small whole young carrots, 2 to 3 good sprays of parsley and a very finely chopped onion. Place the kidneys on top, season them to taste and brush them with melted butter. Bake, uncovered, for about 20 minutes in an oven hot enough to brown them a little (400 degrees Fahr, or gas no. 5). Cover and bake for a further 30 minutes.

Remove the kidneys, cover and keep them warm. Add to the casserole, a glass each of dry white wine and water, 4 oz. sliced mushrooms and a dozen small onions, first cooked in butter to a golden brown. Lastly, thicken the vegetables with *beurre manié* (1 dessertspoon plain flour worked into 1 tablespoon butter). Crumble this into the mixture and bring to the boil. Add the kidneys and let all heat together for a few minutes. Again, serve Creamed Potatoes with the kidney casserole.

—Helen Burke



Harcourt

BELLOMETTI opened Le Perroquet twenty-eight years ago in Soho Square, moving three years later to Leicester Square, where his restaurant has attracted connoisseurs ever since. His other interests include farming, a wholesale wine and provision company, and a seat on the board of a famous engineering firm



Delia Dudgeon

DINING OUT

On the northern trail

FACED with the necessity of visiting Liverpool and Manchester, and it being essential that I had a car available when I reached my destination, I regarded the drive up there in snow, sleet, mud, fog and traffic with a great deal of gloom.

I then remembered a party to which I had been invited to celebrate the opening of the Autobritn Plan, by which you buy a ticket on the train, reserve a seat, and order a car to meet you at the other end, and when you get there, step into it and drive away. This idea also fitted in rather well with my previous column on the lines of: "Don't let's be beastly to the Railways," as I was able for the first time for many years to go on a long distance journey by train.

The result was that instead of six hours of unpleasantness I had three and a half hours of warmth and comfort, with a whisky and soda with my morning paper and a glass of sherry before lunch, unidentified on the wine list at 2s. 6d., which is a mistake; it should have been given some identity because it was a very reasonable wine, and the bare words "Sherry—2s. 6d." frightens people away—it might be anything.

I THEN had a very adequate lunch, well served, and good value for 7s. 6d., with half a bottle of Château Palmer Margaux for 8s., followed by a glass of brandy, of which one had a choice between Vieux Maison, thirty years old, bottled by British Transport Hotels, or a famous Three Star, both at 3s. I chose the first and it was excellent.

A gentleman at the next table got into a considerable flutter, as the brandy was served in a very small glass in the shape of a flat-bottomed thimble, and demanded a balloon which was not available. I thought the request rather foolish. If balloons were served on the train, the place would be a shambles of broken glass, and I much preferred the glass I was given to the monster globes, only fit for keeping tame fish in, served in some restaurants.

The car was waiting on the platform and having concluded some business in Liverpool I set off for Manchester, arriving at the Midland Hotel where I spent a very comfortable week.

The Midland is another British Railways enterprise, and is a good hotel, dealing with an enormous number of people intent on business, with efficiency and speed. The décor is gay, colourful and attractive; the staff courteous and co-operative; and the food to a high standard whether you are having *Suprême de Volaille Sous Cloche Mascotte* in the French Restaurant or *Ris de Veau Périgourdine* in the Trafford Restaurant, which also offers *Déjeuner au Choix*, 14s. 6d., or dinner at 18s. 6d., and the choice is extensive. Apart from this there is a Grill Room and a separate unit altogether called the Wyvern Room which has a smart bar and a Danish Smorrebrod counter with a large selection of those Danish open sandwiches on white, rye or brown bread; also wines by the glass or the carafe.

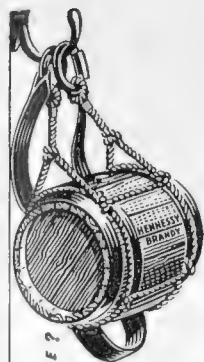
TOM LAUGHTON was staying at the Midland. With his brother Frank he runs two first-class hotels in Scarborough, the Royal and the Pavilion, while, as we all know, brother Charles thrives in Hollywood in a somewhat different profession.

I mentioned that I had probably let myself in for a lot of abuse for saying something polite about British Railways in my column. Mr. Laughton said he was delighted and grateful because nobody did anything but run them down all the time. He is directly interested in the matter, being a member of the British Transport Commission sub-commission for hotels and catering.

He had just come up by train to Manchester and described a conversation in the dining car when two gentlemen had gone into raptures over a meal they had on a Paris-Nice Express and compared it with what they said was the dull, tasteless, unimaginative meal they had just had on the train. In time Mr. Laughton got a trifle bored and, excusing himself for butting in, said he was very interested, and could they tell him what this magnificent feast had cost. They said it was about 3,500 francs and got quite peeved when he pointed out that there is a difference between £3 10s. and the 14s. which was the bill for the meal on the train.

I wonder, if British Railways put one or two expensive items on *à la carte*, such as *Pâté de Foie Gras* with buttered toast for 15s., how many people travelling by train in England, over comparatively short distances, would spend the money? It is worth a try.

—I. Bickerstaff



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Motoring

THE BUS ARGUMENT

FAIRNESS compels me to refer to a letter from the London Transport Executive taking exception to some of my remarks (The TATLER, December 28, 1955) on the lack of concordance between London buses and the transport requirements they are supposed to fulfil. I had argued that the bus fleets plying in London were not scientifically planned; that for changing transport requirements a flexible fleet was needed, composed of sets of different vehicles of different sizes.

The letter from London Transport tells The TATLER that London streets are built "for movement" and that the 9,000,000 people a day who use London Transport's road services are being "frustrated by the thoughtless and comparatively few (say 150,000 people, mostly one per car)." "We have said," continues this letter, "and everybody who looks into it closely agrees with us, that the practice of using a standard double-deck bus for all the variations of central London traffic is the most practical and economic one to adopt."

Inasmuch as the Editor does not admit a general correspondence feature to the columns of The TATLER, I feel restricted in any notes I may make on this subject. It would not be fair to destroy the arguments of London Transport knowing that they would not have the power to reply. All I shall do now, therefore, is to say that I am able to offer proof that "everybody" who looks into it closely does not in fact agree with them. I suppose that I myself have had from two to three times the experience of London traffic driving of any but very few of the employees of London Transport. I happen to have seen London traffic grow while London Transport has been assembling its novices. But as I have agreed not to reply to their letter here I will merely repeat my original statement; "for fluctuating traffic and variable conditions, the requirement is a flexible fleet; a fleet composed of sets of different vehicles to suit different conditions." And I again quote for my final comment. "The bus fleets plying in London are not scientifically planned."

THERE is today a strong argument that the larger an organization the better its chances of selling a commodity at an economic price. Obviously there is the assumption that the executive efficiency is the same. Personally, I am worried by this argument, for I have seen motor-car races won on so many occasions by small companies. The small Italian company seems to be able to challenge the biggest combines successfully in the field of motor sport and, at the same time, it seems to be able to extract a satisfactory, if not a luxurious, living for its workpeople. I am by no means convinced that, in the motor industry, it has been proved that the bigger is necessarily the better.

Having said that I would like to bring forward evidence for the opposite side. Since the Rootes Group took over Singer Motors the prices of the Singer cars have been drastically reduced. The Hunter Saloon, which is now to be known as the Hunter De Luxe Saloon, is now priced at £863 17s. 0d., compared with the old price of well over £1,030. Similarly, the Hunter Special Saloon is now £796 7s. 0d., compared with the earlier £919 7s. 0d. At the same time, a new Sales Manager for Singer Motors has been appointed. He is Mr. William Boss, who was formerly Sales Promotion Manager for the Rootes car manufacturing division at Coventry. He has been associated with the manufacturing and sales side of the motor industry for more than thirty years.

ICE again has been the problem for many drivers during certain days in the past few weeks. It is useful to pin down the basic facts. The first of these is that speed is of relative importance. A car proceeding at a hundred or, for that matter, a thousand miles an hour will not get into trouble on ice provided that no steering, accelerating or braking effects are introduced. If the road is straight, the surface level and the car well balanced there will be no forces diverting it from its path. But the slightest touch on the steering, the brakes or the accelerator will disturb the balance of forces and the car will depart from the straight path.

That is the essential fact which is worth bearing in mind whenever tyre adhesion is seriously reduced. And remember that a skid cannot be "corrected"; it dictates with finality what the driver must do.

—Oliver Stewart

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ENGAGEMENTS



Bassano

Miss Alison Margaret MacLeod, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Alistair B. MacLeod, of Parkside Gardens, Wimbledon, S.W.19, is engaged to Mr. Rowan Balfour Hutchison, son of Lt.-Gen. Sir Balfour Hutchison, K.B.E., and Lady Hutchison, of Rendham Court, Saxmundham, Suffolk



Lenare

Miss Fiona Jane Edwards, daughter of Adml. Sir Ralph Edwards, K.C.B., C.B.E., and Lady Edwards, of Sloane Court East, London, S.W.3., is to marry Maj. the Hon. Colin James Dalrymple, youngest son of the Earl and Countess of Stair, of Lochinch Castle, Stranraer



Yevonde

Miss Mary Elizabeth Mudford, daughter of Maj. and Mrs. H. E. Mudford, of Willets, Loxwood, Sussex, who is to marry Mr. Gerth Frans Johan Van der Gaag, of Westhouse, Melbury Road, Kensington, London, W.8, younger son of Mr. and Mrs. M. A. Van der Gaag, of The Hague, Netherlands



Porchester—Wallop. Lord Porchester, only son of the Earl of Carnarvon and Mrs. Don Stuart Momand, married Miss Jean Margaret Wallop, eldest daughter of the Hon. Oliver Wallop and the late Hon. Mrs. Wallop, of Big Horn, Wyoming, U.S.A., at St. James's Episcopal Church Chapel, New York

THEY WERE MARRIED



Hill—Greener. Mr. Simon F. D. Hill, son of the late Lt.-Col. G. Douglas Hill, 7th Q.O. Hussars, and of Mrs. C. E. Beckwith, of Moore Park, Crickhowell, Breconshire, married Miss Juliet Robin Greener, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Martin Greener, of Spindleston Mill House, Belford, Northumberland, at Newcastle

Temple—Bone. Captain Guy Frederick Bertram Temple, M.C., the Gloucestershire Regiment, son of Maj.-Gen. and Mrs. B. Temple, of Romney Elm, Hythe, Kent, married Miss Caroline Frances Bone, daughter of Captain H. F. Bone, Captain-in-Charge, H.M. Dockyard, Simonstown, S. Africa, and Mrs. Bone, at St. George's Church, Simonstown



Wadsworth—Turner. Mr. Frederick Charles Hilton Wadsworth, younger son of Mr. and Mrs. Hilton Wadsworth, of St. Leonard's-on-Sea, Sussex, married Miss Janice Margaret Carol (Polly) Turner, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. D. Turner, of Stone Grange, nr. Maltby, South Yorkshire, at St. Helen's Catholic Church, Oldcotes, Yorks



Somerville—Brooke. The marriage took place at St. Jude's Church, Englefield Green, between Michael, son of the late Major J. A. C. May Somerville, Probyn's Horse, and Mrs. May Somerville, of Yateley, Camberley, Surrey, and Rosemary (Bebo), elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Brooke, of Ormonde Lodge, Englefield Green, Surrey



BARON TAKES TEA WITH MRS. 'TEDDY' LAMBTON

Anne Lambton, popular town and country socialite, fashion consultant and holder of the title 'One of Britain's Best Dressed Women', takes a moment for this informal study by eminent photographer, Baron. With her is 'Cocoa', reigning monarch in the famous 'Lambton Dynasty' of Pekingese. Mrs. Lambton is married to Newmarket race-horse breeder and owner, 'Teddy' Lambton, a cousin of the Earl of Durham. She divides a busy life between their charming old country house, Mesnil Warren, Newmarket, and their town flat overlooking Regent's Park.



MRS. LAMBTON: I hope you'll forgive me, Baron . . . just got back from the stables . . . I *must* have a cup of tea—do you mind?

BARON: *Not at all, Anne—unless you plan to drink alone. Let's see . . . last time I was here I photographed your brood mares and foals—remember?*

MRS. LAMBTON: Indeed I do. We thought them awfully good. Mother used one of the photos as a Christmas card.

BARON: Did she . . . that deserves a little inside information don't you think? Any good'uns in the stable this year?

MRS. LAMBTON: Yes, there are two very good two-year-olds in training. One is a sprinter. The other is more likely to make a stayer. But the only dead cert I can promise you this afternoon is a jolly good cup of tea.

BARON: *Ah—some rare, exquisite 'Lambton blend', eh?*

MRS. LAMBTON: Well, exquisite perhaps, but hardly *rare*. Actually it's Brooke Bond 'Choicest' blend. We think it's delicious and the joy is we can simply order it from the village grocer when we need it. That way it's always fresh. Milk or lemon?

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